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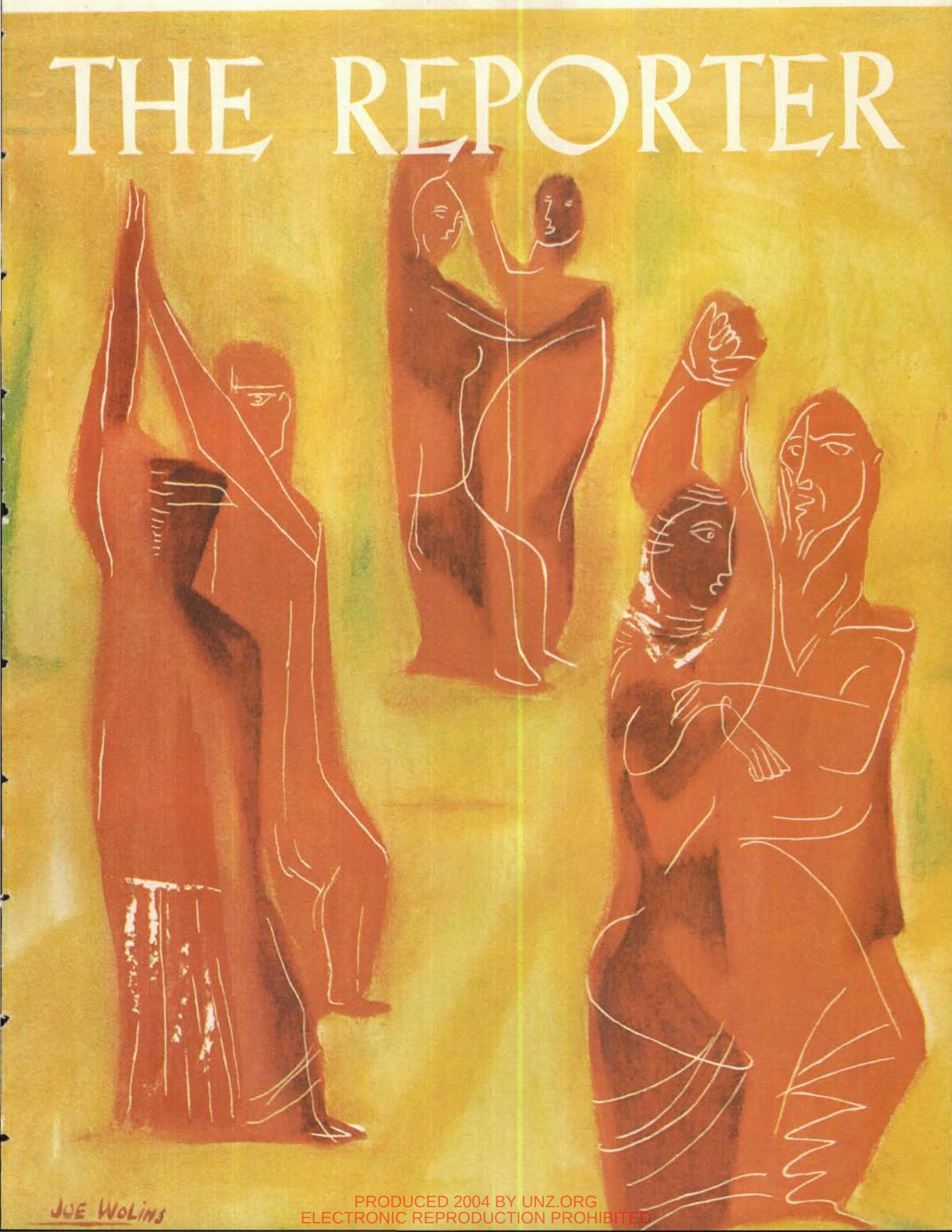

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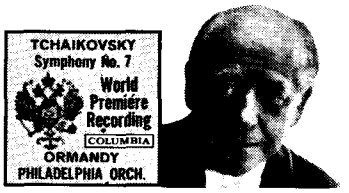

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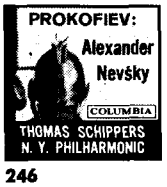

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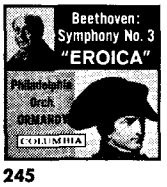

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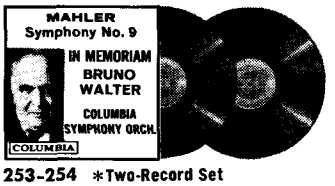

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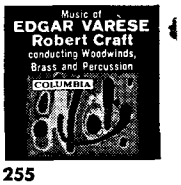

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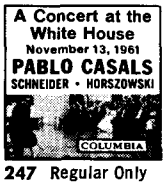

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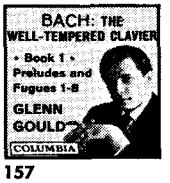

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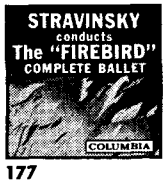

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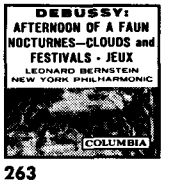

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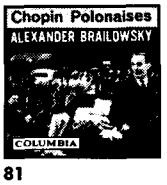

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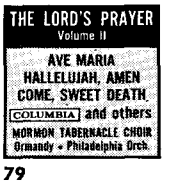

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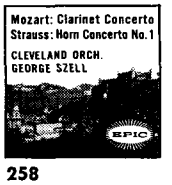

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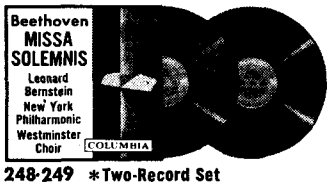

248-249 *Two-Record Set

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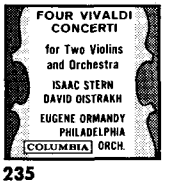

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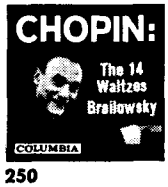

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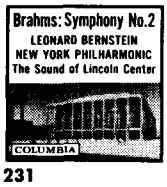

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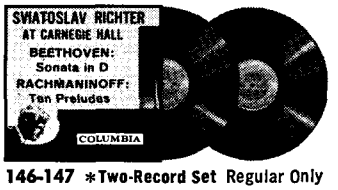

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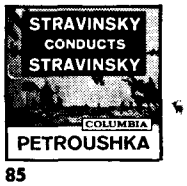

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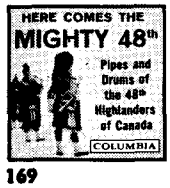

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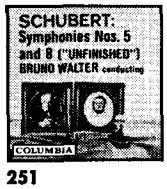

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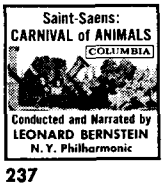

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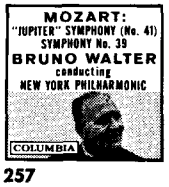

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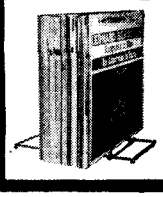

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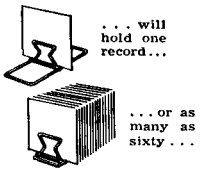

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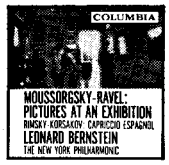

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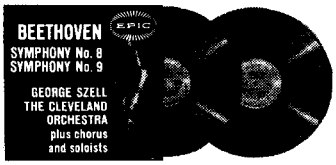

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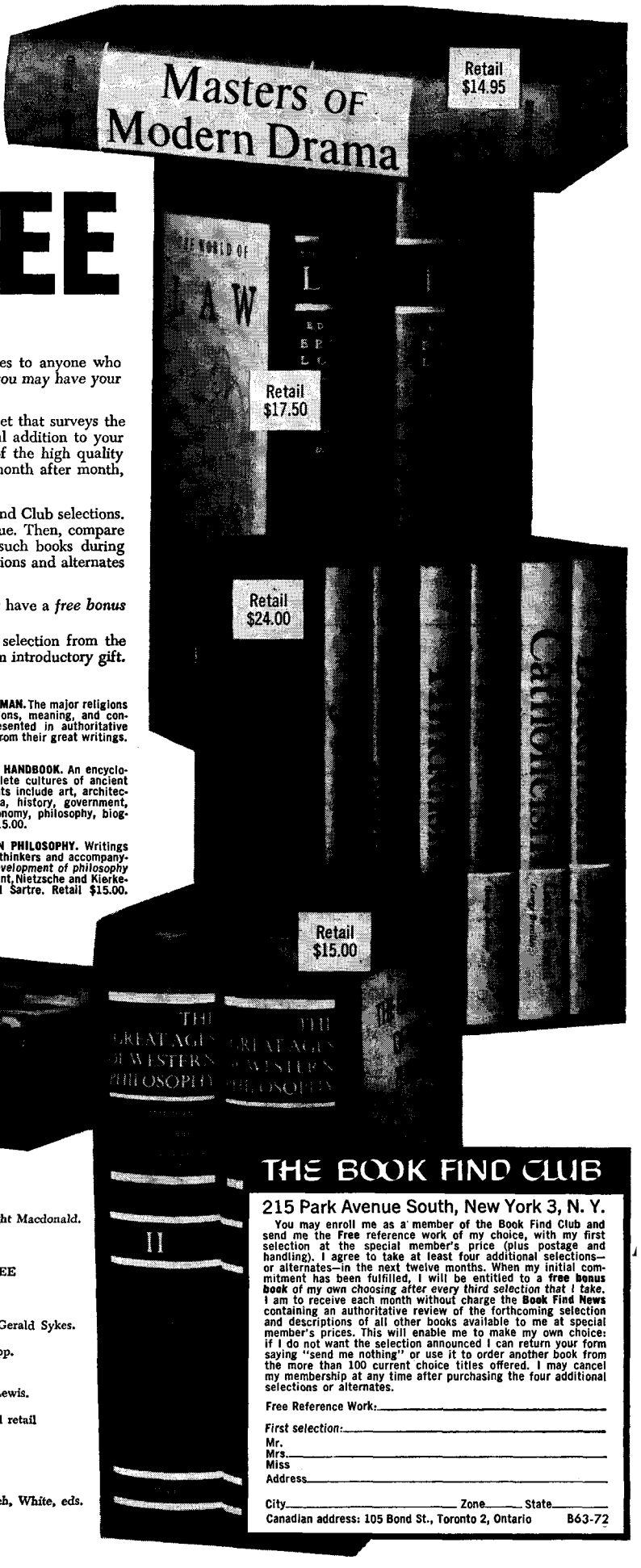

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE AWFUL DANGER of one big war tends to push local conflicts off the front pages. This is not time for petty quarrels, the world seems to say, and the U.N. dispatches some troops to see that a cease-fire is observed. But if the issues that have caused local conflicts are not resolved, the fire goes on smoldering and may burst out again, greater and hotter than ever. This is certainly the case in the Middle East, where, as **Claire Sterling** reports, the Israelis' increasing prosperity and stability have by no means impelled the Arabs to welcome the new state in their midst and where the Egyptians' acquisition of the most modern arms heightens the temptations of Arab nationalism. Mrs. Sterling, our Mediterranean correspondent, gathered material for her article in both Egypt and Israel.

PERSISTENT unemployment in the richest industrial nation of the world remains one of our most acute domestic problems. **Joseph G. Colangelo, Jr.**, director of the news bureau at the University of Pittsburgh, tells us how that problem looks to the steelworkers of Homestead, Pennsylvania. . . . In some cases Mr. Macmillan seems to have been singularly unfortunate in selecting men who could merit his confidence. But whatever the fate of the Conservative Party at the next elections, it seems clear that Lord Home—almost unknown before his selection as Foreign Secretary three years ago—has served his Prime Minister and his country with the full range of patriotic devotion that has been exemplified by the best of the landed aristocracy from which he springs. **Gordon Brook-Shepherd** is with the London *Sunday Telegraph*. He is the author of *The Anschluss*, published this month by Lippincott. . . . The good old days—just how good *were* they? Our view of our own past is full of myths, and in his thoughtful essay in this issue, **John P. Roche** analyzes the classic interpretation of civil liberties in this country. His conclusion is that despite all romanticism about the freedom of the frontier and despite all fashionable despair about the present age of conformity, the average American citizen enjoys more liberty today than his sturdy ancestors did. Mr. Roche is Morris Hillquit Professor of Labor and Social Thought and chairman of the Department of Politics at Brandeis University. He has written a number of studies of the history of civil liberty in the United States. Next October, Macmillan will publish his *The Quest for the Dream*, an analysis of the development of individual liberty in twentieth-century America. He is also national chairman of Americans for Democratic Action and an active member of the American Civil Liberties Union. . . . The reports of those who flee from a country are naturally bound to reflect a certain bias. But since we get so little news out of Communist China, there is every reason to listen to what the refugees in Hong Kong and Macao have to say. The stories of quite a number of them have been evaluated for us by **Stanley Karnow**, a contributing writer for the *Saturday Evening Post*. He is the author of *Southeast Asia*, published by Time, Inc.

Bernard Malamud's short story is written with the bitter humor that characterizes the author's novels, notably *The Assistant* and the recent *A New Life* (both Farrar, Straus), a humor that gives human proportion to tragic misunderstandings—in this case between races. Mr. Malamud teaches at Bennington College. . . . **Fred Grunfeld**, formerly a consultant to record companies and an independent producer of classical LPs, discusses the often stormy and always exciting relationships between orchestra leaders and the men who play under their batons. . . . **Howard Nemerov's** latest book is *The Next Room of the Dream: Poems and Two Plays* (University of Chicago). . . . **Fred M. Hechinger** is education editor of the New York *Times*. . . . **Nat Hentoff**, author of *Peace Agitator: The Story of A. J. Muste* (Macmillan), is at work on a book about race relations. . . . **Sidney Alexander**, author of *Michelangelo the Florentine* (Random House), has completed a second work on Michelangelo and is translating Guicciardini's sixteenth-century *Storia d'Italia*. Next fall he will return from Florence, where he has lived for a number of years, to teach at Syracuse University.

Our cover, an impression of Israeli dancers in "The Song of Deborah," is by **Joe Wolins**.

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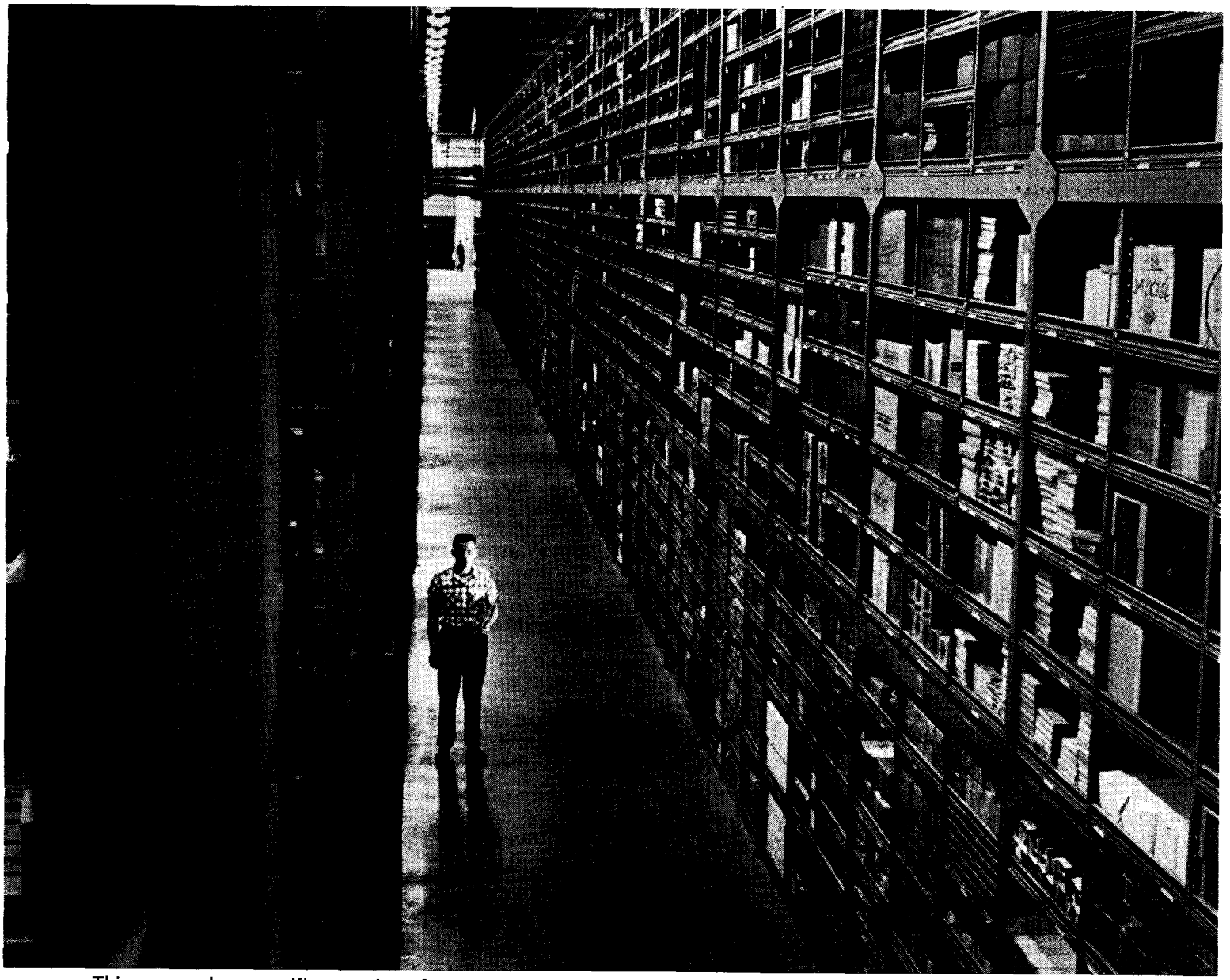

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FRONTS, POPULAR AND OTHERWISE

To the Editor: The articles on "Moscow's Trojan Horse, '63 Model" (*The Reporter*, June 20), should be required reading. Your own editorial analysis of the Italian swing to the Communists and Edmond Taylor's interpretation of the parallel process in France are sovereign masterpieces of political commentary.

ALBERT SALOMON
Professor Emeritus
New School for Social Research
New York

To the Editor: The problem Mr. Taylor has written about in "A New Popular Front?" is doubtless a real one. It would be tragic if democratic Socialists in Europe should become so enmeshed in the consequences of accepting Communist support that they must accept Communist direction as well. But the prospects of a Communist government in France or Italy resulting from this sort of peaceful infiltration seem extremely remote to me. Perhaps, living in Idaho, I have a very wide "gap in experience and knowledge" in these matters.

But why write that "Washington mysteriously seems to find [the European leftward drift] as attractive as Moscow does?" What is so mysterious about a liberal administration's attraction to the possibility of a less conservative and less nationalistic Europe? The mystery to me is that Moscow finds this as attractive as Washington does.

In attempting to exploit Europe's leftward tendencies, the Continent's Communists have put aside (for the present) the tool of violent revolution. Their new realism has elevated the contest to a psychological and political plane. It is not surprising that they are no longer social pariahs in Europe. Many of them, no doubt, would be dangerously "revisionist" in the Soviet Union.

I do not understand what Mr. Taylor expects Washington to do about this situation. Some have blamed our bilateral negotiations with the Russians and the new teletype line. Really, should we scrap the talks and disconnect the wires?

Can we help it if the "several conflicting policies of the Kennedy administration" disturb "many observers" in Europe when statements by newspaper columnists and isolated senators are taken as U.S. policy? Perhaps Mr. Kennedy should rule on each of Mr. Lippmann's editorials so Europe will know just where we stand.

J. BEN GASKILL
Moscow, Idaho

To the Editor: I quite agree with your remark that one of our principal difficulties in understanding the problems

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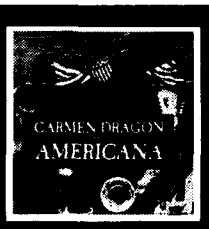

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that face us in the world today is that too many of us Americans have "only a literary or mythological acquaintance with Communism." And I am disturbed at a certain tendency that is to be detected not only in private citizens but in some of our leaders to assume that if we could just get down to brass tacks with the Russians and make them realize how nice we are, there could be peace not only in our time but for all time. The issue is surely more complicated and difficult than that, and while I do not fully agree with Mr. Taylor's apparent conviction that any meeting with any Communists on any terms is sure to be damaging, I do subscribe to your own admonition that vigilance is very much in order.

PHILIP CROSS
Atlantic City

BOOKISH MATTERS

To the Editor: Fred M. Hechinger's review of *The Censors and the Schools,* by Jack Nelson and Gene Roberts, Jr. (*The Reporter,* June 6), is a well thought-out treatment of book censorship. I would, however, differ with one point in his argument. It is true that the best safeguard against creeping censorship of textbooks lies with school officials, but local control over the selection of texts is not clearly superior to state-wide adoption. Those who would censor textbooks have a much stronger impact on smaller, local school boards than they have on state departments of education. We have witnessed too many instances of action groups taking over control of school boards and dictating policy, a situation almost impossible at the state level. Consider the result if the much-publicized "superpatriots" of Paradise, California, managed to be elected to the school board and could choose the textbooks.

As Hechinger observes in his con-

Solution to

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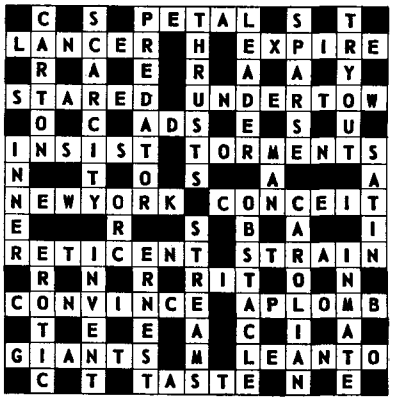

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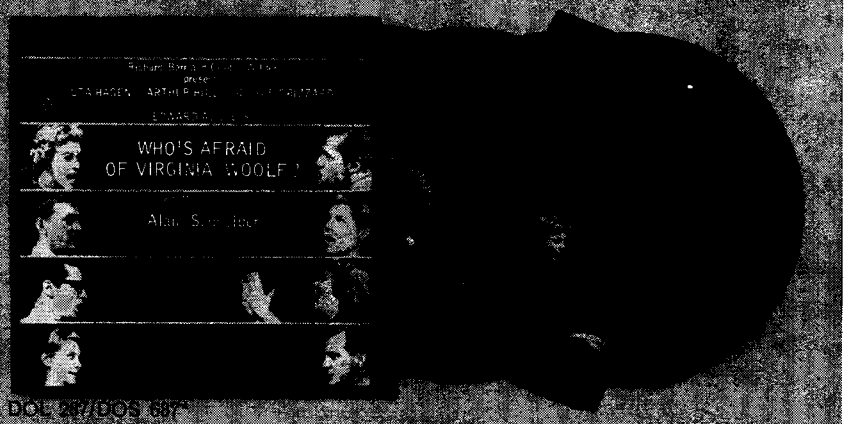

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clusion, there will be continued attempts at censorship. It makes more sense to have capable school officials at the stage level defending the texts than to expect part-time members of local school boards to be able to resist concerted pressure. Certainly the school boards in the large metropolises can answer the censors, but what of those in smaller communities, where so many attempts at censorship occur?

RALPH J. MELARAGNO
Educational Research Project
System Development Corp.
Santa Monica, California

To the Editor: In the interesting article by Adolf A. Berle on Haiti in the May 23 *Reporter*, it is said that Communist infiltration has for many years been under the direction of "a French Communist, Pierre Hervé." Whatever the realities of French Communist responsibilities in Haiti and the other indications of Mr. Berle's article, I think it is fair to point out that Hervé was expelled from French Communist ranks in 1956 following the publication of a book attacking the French Communists all the way down the line. So far as I know, Hervé was never in Haiti, and since he had been in disgrace with the French Reds for several years before his expulsion, Mr. Berle's reference to him is improbable.

JOSEPH R. STAROBIN
New York

Mr. Berle Replies:

The Communist training program for Haiti began considerably before 1956. I do not know what they may have done with Hervé since but I do know that the program has continued.

To the Editor: It was a pleasure to read Joseph Hitrec's "Tea with Ivo Andric" in your May 23 issue. On a recent trip to Germany I discovered that the Germans have translated not only all of Ivo Andric, as was mentioned in your article, but also a host of other writers from all parts of the world. I was happy to see that besides such trail blazers as *The Reporter* and the publishing houses of Alfred Knopf and the Grove Press, a host of others are taking chances on translating and publishing "unknown" writers. I am always surprised when I'm told by an American publisher that the reason he doesn't want to publish a hitherto unknown writer is that publishing expenses are prohibitive. The true reason, however, seems to be that most American publishers want to make a killing on each book they publish; it's no longer a matter of breaking even. If that attitude could be changed, we would be able to read in English a large number of international writers.

JOHN MICHALSKI
University of Hawaii
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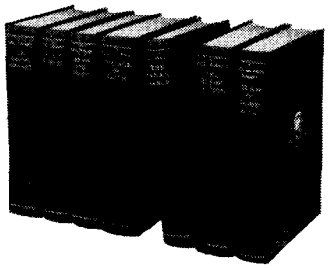

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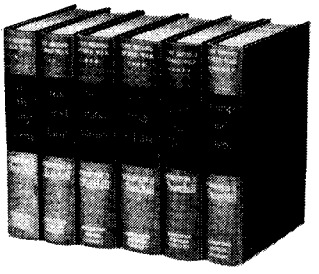

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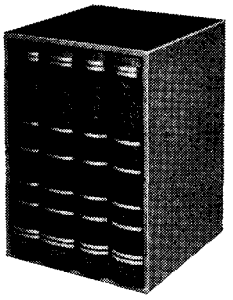

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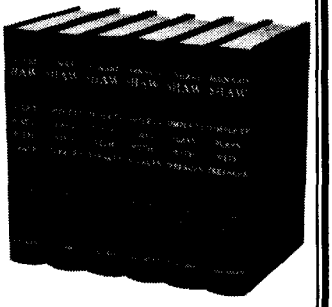

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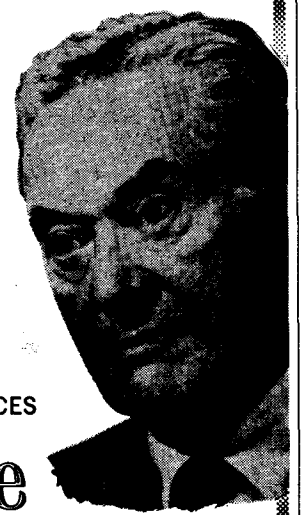

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Civil-Rights Bill

The Kennedy administration's civil-rights package has reached the Senate Caucus Room, the staging area for so many legislative battles in the past. Attorney General Robert Kennedy, tan and confident, now sits answering questions across the table from where, as counsel for the McClellan Committee, he used to serve as relentless interrogator. During his opening testimony, he got surprisingly gentle treatment from the Southern senators, whose region will be most affected. No one doubts that there will be rougher times ahead when the legislation goes before the Senate Judiciary Committee, presided over by James Eastland of Mississippi.

Around the Capitol, much time is spent estimating strengths and weaknesses in preparation for the struggle. Will the prospects in the House of Representatives be adversely affected by the ill feeling between the Attorney General and Representative John Lindsay of New York, a leader of the Republican civil-rights advocates? The situation was not helped when Kennedy cavalierly admitted he had not bothered to read the bill being sponsored by Lindsay and thirty other Republican members. Can administration aides hope to win the support of the twenty to twenty-five G.O.P. senators they say they need if a filibuster is to be stopped by imposing cloture? How adamant is Senate Minority Leader Dirksen about what he considers to be the bill's encroachment on property rights? Does Majority Leader Mansfield have the skill and stamina necessary for the coming ordeal?

A big question mark hangs over the leader of the Southern bloc, Senator Richard Russell of Georgia. What will his strategy be this time and, more important, what will be the state of his spleen? There was not much cause for optimism when, shortly after the President's message, Russell announced on the Senate floor: "If the Commerce Clause will sustain an act to compel the white owner of a dining hall to accept a Negro against his wishes, it can be used to sustain the validity of legislation that will compel his admittance into the living room or bedroom of any citizen."

One discouraging aspect of the drama is that it is being enacted in a panicky atmosphere after too much delay. The administration has prepared a rather large assortment of measures in a rather great hurry. The package can stand careful review. There are juridical factors to be considered in deciding whether discrimination in public accommodations can be dealt with more effectively under the Constitution's Commerce Clause or the more pertinently phrased Fourteenth Amendment.

Although other questions surely deserve to be raised, it is already clear that the administration bill has much merit. It adds new force to the fight for voting rights, which Southern registrars have too easily repulsed. It provides a means of protecting the school systems caught in the whipsaw between a Federal order to desegregate and a local political threat to cut off funds. For an area like Prince Edward County, Virginia, where children have been without public schooling for four years, the U.S. Commissioner of Education could move in with direct Federal assistance. Finally, Title II's effort to eliminate discrimination in

TO OUR READERS

Two nonconsecutive issues of *The Reporter* are dropped from the publishing schedule each summer. Accordingly, after this July 18 issue your next copy will be dated August 15. That will be followed by the September 12 issue, and our regular fortnightly schedule will be resumed.

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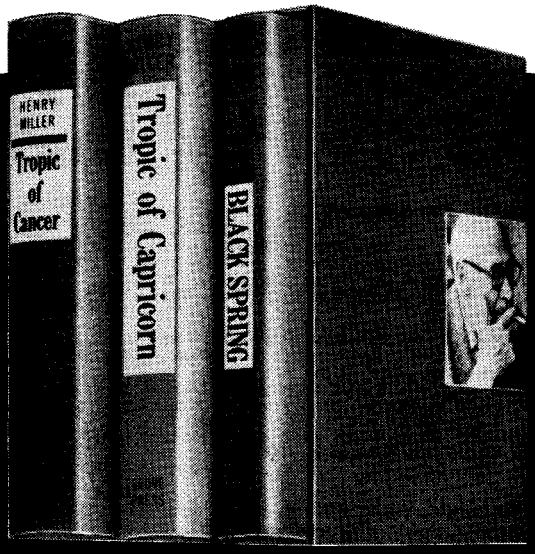

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public accommodations strikes at the most blatant affront to colored people, native and foreign, who find they cannot even spend their money as they choose.

Proper deliberation in Congress will surely not be advanced if the Southerners choose to wage their fight, in the fashion of Senator Russell, on the sanctity of the bedroom. But it also requires the rule of reason on the part of those who are anxious for progress. For, as every politician knows, a public torn by alternating feelings of fear and frustration can produce a devil's mix during the hot summer months. History may be shaped by such small matters as whether civil-rights demonstrators in Washington decide to march *to* the Lincoln Memorial rather than *on* the Capitol.

But one thing is clear: the nation's higher politics permits no turning back of the march toward full citizenship for Negroes.

The President in Germany

The adjective most frequently used in the western press to describe President Kennedy's tour of Germany and his eight hours in Berlin was "triumphal." There was, indeed, an aura of triumph about the whole visit, something distinctly congratulatory in text and context of what the President said to the Germans and in the reaction of the crowds to the President. This was especially true in West Berlin, where the citizens celebrated, with great emotion, a national holiday in a city that belongs, in strict terms, to no nation.

Nothing could have moved Berliners more profoundly than Mr. Kennedy's statement: "I am a Berliner." There was a specific reason for this. In 1958, when Khrushchev's ultimatum precipitated the Berlin crisis, a prominent Berliner made a statement to the opposite effect: "Politically," he said, "I am an American," and he expressed the sentiment that saturates the city. In a very real sense the Berliners are political wards of the United States, and Mr. Kennedy's statement came as an express acknowledgment of this unique relationship.

Whether and how consistently the statement would be backed by American policy was another ques-

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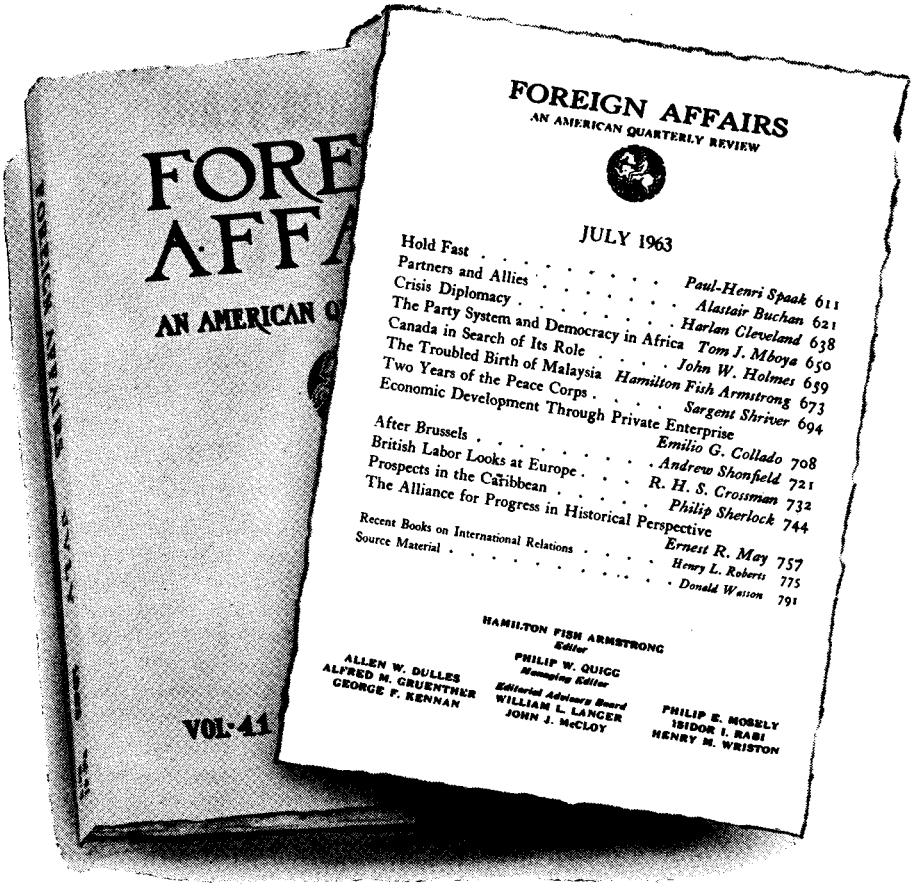
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tion. At the moment, the Berliners couldn't have cared less. For them it was a longed-for recognition that, as one Berliner put it, "We are an asset, not a liability." For the Berliners, it was enough that Mr. Kennedy had accepted West Germany as the key to the alliance and gone de Gaulle one better by including Berlin in the acceptance.

KHRUSHCHEV's countervisit to East Berlin just two days after President Kennedy's departure from West Berlin provided a perfect foil. In attempting to match the reception for Mr. Kennedy, the East German Communists succeeded only in making an exhibition of themselves—and of a good deal of their dirty linen. The turnout for Khrushchev was pathetic. At one party rally, a Reuters correspondent was mistakenly handed a "cheer sheet" of instructions on when and how to applaud "spontaneously." The only impressive aspect of the show was the dignified reserve of the East Berlin public.

But it was not until Khrushchev and Ulbricht made their major speeches on July 3 that the full impact of Mr. Kennedy's visit became clear. Instead of echoing the threats of Ulbricht's party, all Khrushchev would say about the Berlin problem was that sooner or later the time will come when the people of West Germany will see the value of a peace treaty with East Germany. And Khrushchev shocked the assembly by dwelling significantly on the economic strength and achievements of West Germany. All in all, the speeches provided a clear reflection of Communist dismay at the rousing manifestation of American-German solidarity produced by the Kennedy visit. The President's frequent eulogies of Konrad Adenauer were particularly galling.

Even Khrushchev's coupling of a proposal for an atomic test ban (in terms already advanced by the West in Geneva) with a demand for a non-aggression pact between the NATO and Warsaw Treaty countries seemed, in the context, like a throwaway. Obviously designed to harness the universal desire for atomic disarmament to the service of a Communist solution of the German problem, it merely served as a

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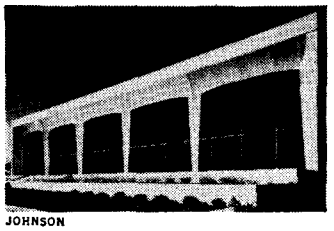
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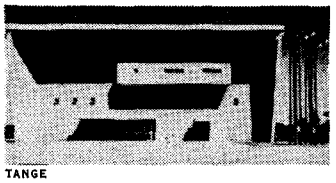
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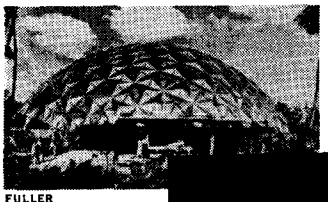
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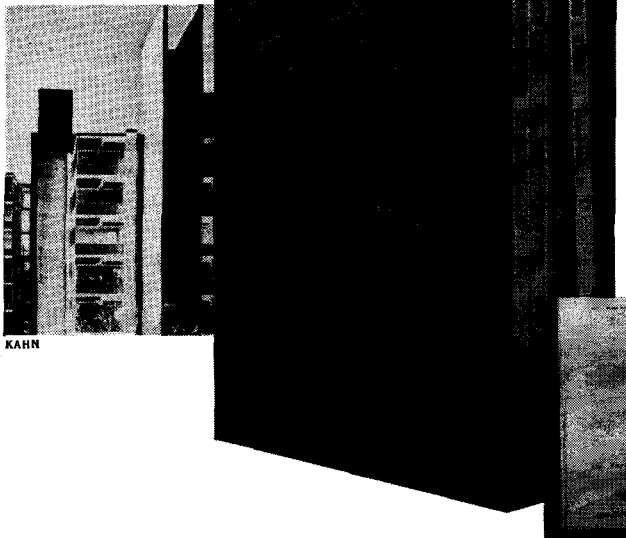
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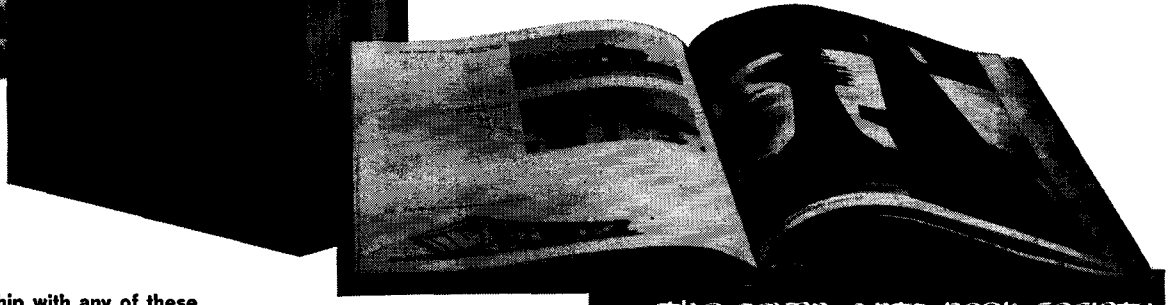

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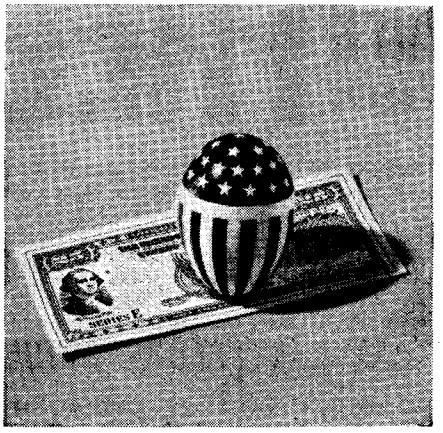

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sop to East German Communists, who have come to despair of a hard-line solution for Berlin. It was also taken as a negative confirmation that the Berlin crisis, as such, is over.

For the Kennedy visit marked and sanctioned West Germany's acquisition of a new status. Foreign Minister Gerhard Schroeder defined the change in a speech in Düsseldorf shortly after the President had left Germany: "We have emerged," he said, "from the postwar stage in which we were merely an object of world politics over which others negotiated but which could not conduct negotiations itself. Our co-operation is [now] of decisive importance to the success of European communities, to the cohesion and the security of Europe." The President's trip may have been ill-timed for England and Italy, but for Germany the timing could not have been better.

Case Closed

Last February, Governor Barnett released Clyde Kennard ("One Mississippi Negro Who Didn't Go to College," by Ronald A. Hollander, *The Reporter*, November 8, 1962) from Parchman Prison, where he was serving a seven-year sentence on the charge of being an accessory to the theft of five sacks of chicken feed.

Although Kennard was dying of cancer, his release was conditional upon his "future good behavior," the understanding being that he would not try again to enter a white Mississippi college. Eight years earlier, after paratroop service in both Germany and Korea, Kennard had reached his senior year at the University of Chicago, but returned to Mississippi when his stepfather became disabled. When he tried in 1958 to enter Mississippi Southern College, he did it on his own, hoping to avoid publicity, and then his troubles began. Upon release from prison, he sought admission only to the University of Chicago hospital, and on July 4 he died there.

Red Letter Days

How are things going in the battle to keep men's minds free—American men's minds, that is—of Communist propaganda? Well, the Post Office Department and the Customs Bureau have made preliminary reports on the administration of Section 305 of Public Law 87-793, that part of last year's postal act which provides for the screening, intercepting, and detaining of Communist propaganda entering this country from abroad, and, as far as we can see, things are just clanking right along. "To administer the new law," Customs has reported, "it was necessary to establish special control units at ports where foreign mail is received." So special units were established at Chicago, El Paso, Honolulu, Los Angeles, Miami, New Orleans, New York, San Francisco, San Juan, and Seattle. For the special units it was also necessary to provide Customs men who could tell what was and what wasn't Communist propaganda in Russian, Polish, Hungarian, Chinese, French, German, Japanese, Czech, Slovak, Spanish, Portuguese,

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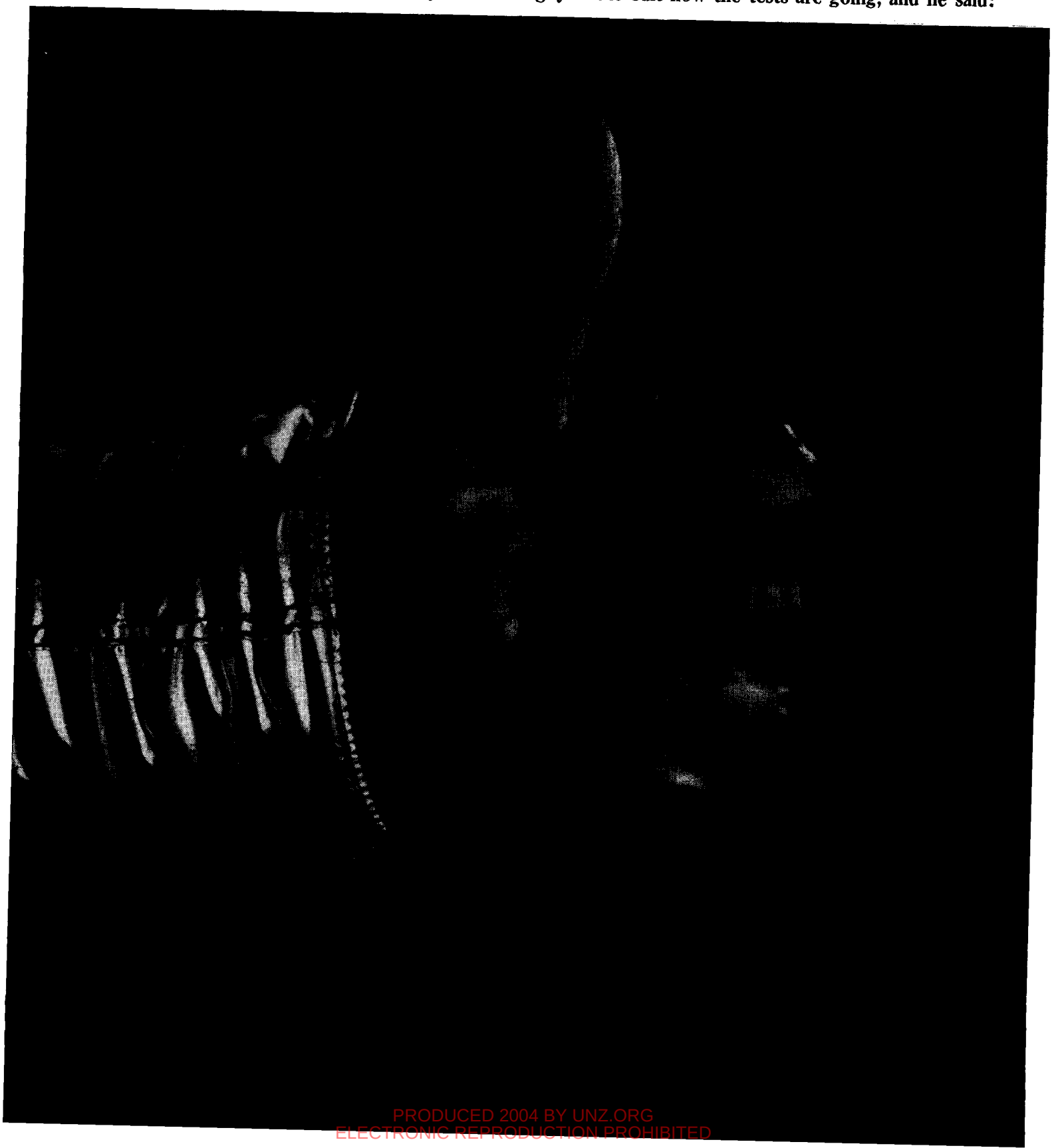

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and Croatian. And so this too was done.

Then what happened? The general procedure has been described by a Post Office spokesman more or less as follows: First, Customs decides which countries' mail should be screened, and Post Office complies by routing "all mail from the designated countries" to one of the control units and separating out "all exempt mail," meaning sealed letters, in which it is still possible to teach and advocate the overthrow of the U.S. Post Office. Then, Customs' special polyglots decide which of the remainder constitutes detainable propaganda. Finally, Post Office forwards such propaganda as is known (by prior communication) to be wanted by "addressee." Otherwise addressee receives POD Form 2153-X asking if he wants it. If he does, he gets it; if he doesn't, he doesn't; and if he fails to answer within twenty days, the material is destroyed. "Thus," the spokesman summed up a very tidy arrangement, "each day we clean our storage bins . . . "

But is tidiness enough to justify all the activity? Look at the statistics and decide. You begin with 8,575,367 pieces of mail that were sent to the special screening units in the three-month period of March through May of this year. More than half were immediately discovered to be exempt. 286,583 pieces were determined to be propaganda, but 261,310 of these were known to be wanted and 8,863 were known to be unwanted. In all, 8,072 POD Forms 2153-X were sent out. Of those who answered, 1,658 said they *wanted* the propaganda and 972 said they wanted some of it. Those whom the law set out to protect in the first place numbered 1,835. They said they did not want to receive the propaganda.

At this point it is still too early to determine what the program has cost or will cost. Customs, for example, has estimated that for its part, the "cost for financing this program from appropriated funds is $230,000 for fiscal year 1964." One congressman has predicted that the over-all operation will probably work out at a couple of dollars for every letter destroyed.

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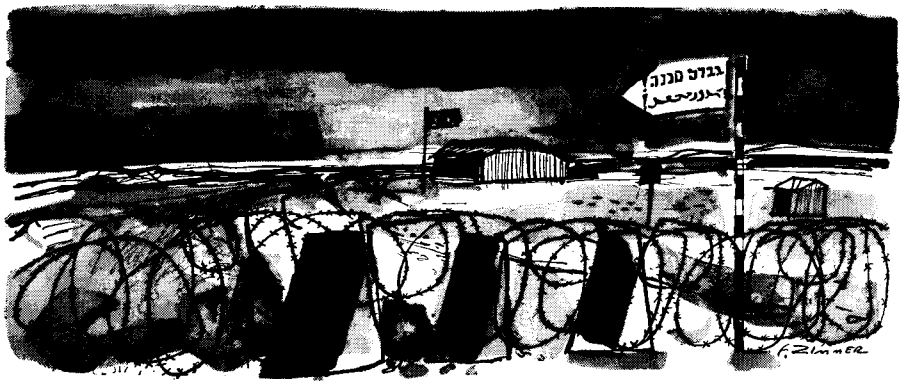

The Never-Ended War of the Middle East

CLAIRE STERLING

In the nearly seven years since the Israelis fought their hundred-hour preventive war in the Sinai Desert, they have lived in peace with their Arab neighbors. While the two sides are still not on speaking terms, each has been careful to avoid provoking the other—the Arabs because they could not now win another war, the Israelis because they have had no reason to fight one. The circumstances, however, appear to be changing.

There is every likelihood that another war would already have broken out if King Hussein of Jordan had failed to quell the riotous Nasserite mobs in his capital in April. Throughout the crisis, Israeli troops were massed on the Jordanian border, ready to invade should Hussein fall. Once again, as in 1956, the Israelis feel endangered by new political and military developments in the Arab world and are prepared, when and if they judge the danger intolerable, to act accordingly.

A western visitor to Cairo doesn't readily see why the Israelis should be so worried. The atmosphere is nothing like that back in 1956, when the first huge arms shipments were flooding in from Russia, and Nasser, unsure of himself and his power, was under great pressure to use them. The inexperienced young colonel of those days is a lot more relaxed now. With a considerable reputation for statesmanship abroad and not a shadow of opposition at home, he need no longer feel driven to prove his mettle by marching on Tel Aviv. Notwithstanding his solemn pledges to the Arabs, his closest associates say—privately, for western ears only—that he has no intention whatever of doing so.

"Nasser has long since given up any thought of Israel's military annihilation," one of them told me. "The problem will solve itself some day, when we Arabs are strong enough to seal off the Israelis economically and diplomatically. Meanwhile, force is out. In the first place, Nasser doesn't like bloodshed. But even if he did, he wouldn't be fool enough to risk everything in a war that could only end with foreign intervention and occupation."

One might question Nasser's distaste for bloodshed, considering that he has had twenty-eight thousand Egyptian troops fighting in Yemen—against fellow Arabs. But he would unquestionably be risking a great deal by attacking Israel, now or for many years to come.

Ilyushins and Realities

Theoretically, the Egyptian ruler should have no trouble winning such a war. His Soviet-stocked arsenal at this point is roughly twice the size of Israel's and boasts nearly all the deadliest weapons of modern warfare except nuclear bombs. Among them are about a thousand tanks, including several hundred T-54s, which travel faster and farther on less fuel than any produced in the West; self-propelled artillery with a range fifty per cent longer than the best made in Britain; a fleet of eleven submarines; and an air force that has lately acquired supersonic MIG-21s and TU-16 medium jet bombers to add to a large supply of MIG-15s, -17s, and -19s and the lighter Ilyushin-28 bomber. The MIG-21 can reach any part of Israel from any Arab airport in five minutes; the Ilyushin-28 can carry up to 4,400 pounds of explosive; and the TU-16, a high-altitude, long-range bomber comparable to the American B-47, carries a bomb payload of nearly 20,000 pounds. Since Nasser is known to have at least sixty Ilyushin-28s and forty TU-16s, presumably he could drop more than a million pounds of explosive on Tel Aviv in a single bomber run.

Nevertheless, he has already learned from his experience in the Sinai Desert that quantitative military superiority is not enough. Most experts agree that Israel cannot be defeated on the battlefield—with conventional weapons, at any rate—unless it is invaded by all the bordering Arab states simultaneously and faced with troops who can match the Israelis in technical skill and adaptability. Nasser could not turn out troops of that kind for an-

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other ten or fifteen years, if then; and it may be just as long before the Arab states are sufficiently united to mount a concerted attack.

Despite their grand proclamation of a new United Arab Republic on April 17 the Syrians, Iraqis, and Egyptians have already lapsed into violent disagreement. The Ba'ath socialists in Syria and Iraq, desperately in need of popular support after their respective revolutions last winter, had seized upon the issue most likely to muster it—Arab unity—and pressed the federation plan on Nasser. But the Ba'athists had been waiting a long time for their first taste of power in the Middle East and they did not intend to lose it in a merger that was bound to end up (as the 1958-1961 union with Syria had) under Nasser's personal domination. Having duly paid homage to the principle of unity, therefore, they promptly took steps to block it in practice. Barely a fortnight after returning to Damascus and Baghdad from the federation conference in Cairo, they arrested all the pro-Nasser army officers they could lay hands on. This is hardly a promising start for the second United Arab Republic, if it ever gets started at all.

Much Quid, Little Quo

Assuming that Nasser were so unrealistic as to invade Israel under these conditions, he would at once face the possibility of American intervention on the Israelis' side—for that is a solemn U.S. commitment in the event of such an attack—and of the Russians thereupon coming to his own rescue. The risk then would be not only to his independence but also to his exceptionally privileged and profitable position. From the time the U.N. and the United States turned his military defeat in the Sinai into diplomatic triumph at Suez, Nasser's influence throughout the Middle East has made him immensely attractive to both the Russians and the Americans. In addition to at least $500 million worth of armaments and all the foreign currency needed for the Aswan High Dam, the Russians have given him another $500 million in development credits. The United States has matched that sum and is now furnishing half the wheat and a third of all the food consumed in Egypt. Both benefactors have said that no strings were attached to this aid, and Nasser has taken them at their word. Few nationalist leaders have extracted so much from the two major powers and given so little in return.

Unlike Fidel Castro—"an inept man, and a coward," in the estimation of one of Nasser's aides—the Egyptian ruler has refused to accept even an implied political commitment to Khrushchev. He has supported the Soviet diplomatic position when it happened to coincide with his own interests. But at the Belgrade neutralists' conference in September, 1961, he spoke out sharply against Soviet resumption of nuclear testing; his delegation was openly in league with the Chinese against the Russians at the Afro-Asian conference in Moshi, Tanganyika, last February; and he has not

even deigned to let his local Communists out of jail. Indeed, he has been a ruthless opponent of the Communists in Egypt and throughout the Middle East.

Characteristically, Nasser has treated the Americans no better. At the same Belgrade Conference, he led the field in sponsoring an extremist anti-American resolution; in Moshi, he and the Chinese jointly wrote a resolution defining the U.N. as a tool of American imperialism; and despite urgent pleas from the State Department, he has not hesitated to drop napalm bombs on scores of villages in Saudi Arabia—whose good will is vital to our oil interests—or to welcome the aid of a thousand Soviet "technicians" (pilots and military experts) for the present war in Yemen against the royalists and their Saudi allies.

Nasser's ability to get away with all this has depended mostly on a mutual conviction in Washington and Moscow that a cutoff in aid from either capital would simply increase the flow from the other. But in part, too, it has depended on his unusually skillful use of triple-speak, using one reassuring language for private conversations with the Russians (including a recent fifteen-hour talk with Khrushchev's son-in-law, Alexei Adzhubei), another for the Arabs, and a third for the Americans, with whom he never fails (again in private) to profess his friendly inclinations toward the West.

WHILE never quite knowing what to make of this performance, American diplomats have tried to make the best of it. They had not expected to buy Nasser's friendship, still less his loyalty, when they decided in 1958 to restore the aid that had stopped during the Suez crisis. The decision was made because we could not refuse indefinitely to have normal relations with the man who not only headed the one stable Arab régime in the Middle East but who already dominated the Arab scene and might some day control it. The State Department realized that our aid would inevitably strengthen Nasser in Egypt and the Arab countries, and it tried at first to minimize this result. Officially, that is still what we are trying to do, following a policy described by an embassy spokesman in Cairo as "nonalignment" toward all the Middle Eastern Arab states. Actually, however, our policymakers have gradually come to feel that the prospect of strengthening Nasser isn't necessarily threatening and might even be beneficial. The assumption is that Nasser is our best guarantee against the extension of Soviet influence in the area, that he is the most likely of all Arab leaders to handle the Israeli problem with restraint, and that his kind of Arab nationalism, with its stress on economic and social revolution, is much more likely than the old-fashioned dynastic and/or reactionary kind to win out in the end, bringing peace and stability to the disordered Middle East. Consequently, the State Department has not tried to use whatever modest influence it has to prevent Nasser from spending money for political proj-

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ects in Syria and Iraq, where he might be a stronger anti-Communist bulwark than the feeble Ba'athists; or in Jordan, where our support for Hussein at the time of the Nasserite riots was offered only belatedly; or even in Yemen, where we have put little pressure on Nasser to keep his bargain with the United Nations. (Though he has long since agreed to a U.N. proposal for a gradual withdrawal of both Egyptian and Saudi Arabian troops from Yemen, Nasser has simply been withdrawing a few thousand men in the daylight hours and replacing them by fresh troops at night.) Nor, beyond setting some technical limits, have we ventured to tell Nasser how he ought to spend his money at home.

Know-how on the Nile

On the whole, he has not done badly in his efforts to renovate Egypt. The High Dam at Aswan is far advanced and ahead of schedule, with twenty thousand employees working around the clock. Industry is developing fairly rapidly, and is well on the way to covering national needs for sewing machines, refrigerators, TV sets, fertilizer, and assembled trucks and automobiles. The nationalized Suez Canal is doing well and its former owners have by now even been paid off in full. The growth rate has been running at a creditable five per cent a year, and while the fellaheen are still miserably poor, the per capita income has been rising steadily.

That is certainly a better record than most players in the positive-neutralist game can claim. But it could be much better still were it not for Nasser's other interests. Though Egypt is constantly in need of emergency foreign aid to cover its deficits, Nasser has been spending $250,000 a day, or a total so far of more than $60 million, on the war in Yemen. And large amounts are being spent on propaganda abroad—teachers, political agents, and a short-wave radio network more effective than the Voice of America's. By far the biggest sums, however, said to total more than half a billion dollars annually, are going into Nasser's secret arms factories at Helwan and Heliopolis.

Despite tight security regulations, a good deal is known about what goes on in these factories—not just because of Israel's recent sensational disclosures but also through more detailed reporting in several responsible European publications, including the reliable *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*. None of these reports confirm the Israeli charge that Nasser is trying to build an atomic bomb—though a former German artillery officer now in Israel's employ recently told a Swiss court that he had bought a million dollars' worth of fissionable material for Nasser last year. They do, however, confirm the following:

There have been German and other foreign scientists and technicians working in Egypt (as in Israel and many other countries) since about 1950. Their number has been increasing steadily since 1956, when Nasser, irked by Russia's inability to send spare parts for the MIG-15, decided to build his own jet planes. At present there are about five hundred of these experts, all but a dozen of whom are working in Military Factories 36 and 135 to develop two kinds of aircraft: the HA-200 jet trainer and the HA-300, a supersonic pursuit plane whose performance, on paper, is better than the French Mirage III's. The plane bodies are being made under a license sold to Egypt by Professor Willy Messerschmitt, and the Mach 2 engine is being designed by Ferdinand Brandner, an Austrian engineer who had worked first at the Junker aircraft plant in Germany, then as a prisoner of war in Russia, where one of his engine designs was used for the famous TU-114.

So far, about twelve of the HA-200s have been assembled, entirely from imported parts. The first prototype to be shown publicly was actually flown in ready-made from Spain (which also has a Messerschmitt license). Repainted with Arab markers, it made a dramatic appearance in last July's Independence Day parade as "the first Arab plane." The wildly cheering crowds had no notion that the pilot, as well as the plane, was Spanish.

There is nothing wrong with Nasser's idea of building his own planes, except that twelve similar planes purchased abroad would have cost him about $12 million, whereas these, still in the experimental stage, have already cost him $250 million. What causes concern is another and costlier Nasser project: the development of an Arab guided missile.

CONTRARY to Egyptian claims, Nasser did not wait to start his missile program until the Israelis goaded him into it. While Israel's first weather rocket was fired in the spring of 1961, Nasser's program began in 1960, when he hired Professor Eugen Saenger, head of the Stuttgart Research Institute of Jet Propulsion Physics. Under pressure from the West German government (which was under pressure from Israel), Saenger later withdrew. He has been replaced by Wolfgang Pilz, a rocket-propulsion specialist who worked at Peenemünde, home of the German V-2, and Paul Goercke, an expert in guidance mechanisms who is also a veteran of Peenemünde. Although the former head of Peenemünde, Wernher von Braun, claims that neither Pilz nor Goercke is a top-flight scientist, both were decorated in France for their decisive contribution to development of the Veronique rocket. (Their merit has also been recognized by the Israeli secret service, Shin-Bet, whose agents have threatened Goercke's life and nearly succeeded in assassinating Pilz.) With a team of ten assistants, they were able to produce two experimental missiles for Nasser in barely a year.

Foreign correspondents invited to see these missiles fired last July found it hard to take them seriously. The range was effective enough, since one of the two, named El-Kahir, could travel 560 kilometers to a point "just south of Beirut," as Nasser put it (Israel lies just south of Beirut). But both had a seventy-two-hour countdown, and, since the reporters were not permitted to see where they landed, they were unable to make any evaluation of their guidance system.

So long as the money rolls in and foreign scientists abound, however, Nasser's chances of eventually perfecting his missiles are excellent. He would then have a sophisticated offensive weapon against which the Israelis would presumably have no defensive shield, and whose performance would depend upon a relatively small technical staff that could be hired. Clearly, this would change the

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whole concept of military strategy for both sides, not to speak of what it would do to our diplomatic calculations.

One cannot help wondering why Nasser is diverting such tremendous sums from his country's development to build a weapon he manifestly does not need for his country's defense. The most charitable explanation is that he wants to impress the Arabs. The danger, however, is that he will overimpress them. The fact that he has displayed such a weapon, imperfect as it is, has already sent a thrill of admiration, pride, and excitement through the Arab world. What would the Arabs expect him to do when the weapon becomes operational, enabling him—or so they believe—to strike at Tel Aviv with impunity? Would the United States, which has done nothing to prevent its construction, be in a position to take resolute action against its use? Would Nasser himself then have second thoughts about Israel's military annihilation?

Defending a Beachhead

The Israelis do not believe that any second thoughts would be necessary. Living among the Arabs, they understand—though they do little to alleviate—the Arabs' frustration and bitterness, their rankling sense of injustice and incurable hostility toward this interloper state. Few Israelis doubt for a moment that Nasser would attack them whenever he had a reasonable chance of victory, and the country's defense planning is based on this supposition.

Planning Israel's defense has always been extraordinarily difficult. There are 2,350,000 people in the country now, living on a narrow littoral only 250 miles long; three-quarters of them are concentrated in Tel Aviv and the outlying suburbs, only eight miles from the Jordanian border; and except for the Mediterranean on the west, the country is surrounded by Arab states with sixty-one times as much territory, twenty times as many people, and at least three times as much modern armament. (Syria and Iraq have Russian equipment too.)

To survive as a tiny island in a hostile Arab world, the Israelis have relied partly on their powerful friends abroad and on the eternal

quarrels among their Arab neighbors, but above all on a superbly educated and trained army, a lightning system for mobilizing all able-bodied men and women, and an arsenal which, if not as amply stocked as Nasser's, is sufficient to convince the Arabs that an attack wouldn't pay. Their chief suppliers have been France and, more recently, West Germany, which, according to Deputy Defense Minister Shimon Peres, is now giving Israel almost as much military help as the French do. Until lately, the Israelis had gotten very little armament from the United States. But the arrival of Khrushchev's MIG-21s and TU-16s in Cairo created such a conspicuous defense gap that Washington has agreed to fill it by supplying Israel with the ground-to-air Hawk missile.

The Hawk, however, would not be a defense against Nasser's ground-to-ground missile, nor do the Israelis have any military deterrent of that kind. They could certainly develop one if necessary: their scientific competence has been proved by the successful firing of the weather rocket Shavit II and the construction of an atomic reactor. But so sophisticated a weapon would add greatly to Israel's already immense defense burden. The Israelis, Peres told me, are not "hysterical" about Nasser's missile. Admittedly, it would reduce Israel's biggest single military advantage—the superiority in discipline, skill, education, and morale of the individual Israeli soldier. "But even in a sophisticated weapons system, the human factor, the ability to improvise, still counts," he said. "The problem is not that the missile makes us nervous but that it makes the Egyptians confident, which increases the danger of war. We are not worried so much about the outcome of such a war—we can hurt them at least as much as they can hurt us, and we have more to defend—as by the human cost of it. By the time help comes, if it comes, the cost could be frightful."

Over Jordan

It is because of this increased potential, both in the danger of war and the human cost of it, that the Israel Army mobilized on Hussein's border last April, with its eyes on the River Jordan's West Bank. The Arabs have always charged that Israel had designs on the West Bank, so as to get more living space. With its seven thousand square kilometers of land, they say, the West Bank would expand the Israelis' cramped quarters by a third, making it possible for them to keep their otherwise impossible commitment to take in all the Jews of the Diaspora.

This reasoning might have been valid fifteen years ago when Israel came into being, but it isn't any longer. The fifty thousand Jews who have been coming in each year are being absorbed with growing ease. The Israelis now are able to feed more than three million people, roughly what their population should be in 1973. Now that they have food surpluses, they no longer care so much about reclaiming the Negev, and still less about acquiring another tract of desert next door. Where the famous Jordan River pipeline had

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been designed originally for irrigation in the Negev, its main purpose now will be to serve the cities and factories. Israel is solving its space problem by building upward instead of outward, and the agriculture that used to be its lifeline is giving way to industry.

What interests the Israelis about the West Bank is that it probes deeply into their territory in two elongated curves, the more northern of which is within walking distance of Tel Aviv. I drove the eight miles from this closest Jordanian border point to the heart of Israel's biggest city, through traffic, in fifteen minutes. So far, the military danger here has been slight, since the Jordanian Army has only antiquated British equipment and Hussein has never cared to tangle with his more powerful neighbor. But there are 800,000 Palestinian Arab refugees encamped on the West Bank who would like nothing better. These are the most expendable of all Arabs because they are homeless, and they believe they have the best claim to wage a "just" war.

"If Jordan were in Nasser's orbit," said an Israeli Army spokesman, "he would be spared the need to send his troops across the long Sinai, past the U.N. police force patrolling its frontier since 1956, so as to strike at Israel. He could simply concentrate his tanks, artillery, and planes in Jordan, and arm the Palestinian refugees for an invasion in which the loss of lives would not much matter. Geography would make it physically impossible for the United States to intervene, at least in time to prevent appalling bloodshed; and political considerations—remember, these would be Palestinian invaders—wouldn't make intervention so simple, either."

EVEN if Nasser did not attack, the spokesman went on, the possibility that he might would keep Israel in an unbearable state of tension. All that has been gained in these seven years of peace, and all that might be gained in another seven, would be put in jeopardy. Industry and trade are rapidly expanding and personal income has already reached an average of $1,500 a year. If the growth rate continues and private investors (non-Jewish as well as Jewish) are not frightened away, the Israelis should be able to export $1 billion worth of consumer and capital goods by 1972, twice their present level.

Reasoning in this way, the Israelis have said from the start that a pro-Nasser régime in Amman would be a *casus belli,* and their truculent stance at the border during the Nasserite riots in the Jordanian capital last April left little doubt that they meant business. Accordingly, Nasser did not press his Jordanian insurrection to a successful conclusion: for the present (especially with twenty-eight thousand of his troops in Yemen), he is not ready for a clash with Israel in Jordan or anywhere else. The Israelis believe, however, that he will consider himself ready when his missiles are ready, perhaps even before then if favorable diplomatic conditions prevail.

Where We Come In

There is a good deal of hard thought in Washington at the moment as to how or whether Nasser might or should be kept out of Jordan. The question was simpler in the days when the State Department did not mind being identified with old-fashioned kings. Since it does mind now—indeed, since the U.S. has become a sponsor of "progressive change" here and elsewhere—it cannot very well take Hussein's side against Arab nationalists who want an economic and social revolution, nor can it make an arbitrary distinction between those revolutionaries who don't like Nasser and those who do. While the Americans might hope, therefore, that Nasser will tactfully stay out of Jordan for the sake of peace, they have not yet found any tactful way to tell him that he must. On the other hand, there seems to be no doubt in Washington as to what the United States should do if Nasser does take over Jordan, and Israel thereupon invades the West Bank. The Kennedy administration is formally pledged in that event to intervene actively and directly—with or without the U.N.—to drive the Israelis back.

Anxious to avoid that eventuality, the Americans have tried hard during and since the recent Jordan crisis to dissuade Israel from taking precipitate action. The danger point, they have argued, would not be reached when and if a pro-Nasser régime was installed in Amman, but when and if Nasser started to move his planes and tanks into Jordan and arm the Palestinian Arabs—a hypothetical date still comfortably remote. The Israelis have not ignored this counsel, because they can't afford to. Their state could scarcely have come into being and certainly could not have survived for these fifteen years without American support, both diplomatic and financial.

Financially, American aid is less important than it used to be. Where West Germany has been sending $200 million a year for private and public reparations, the United States is sending just under $100 million, nine-tenths of it in the form of private contributions. But in terms of security, America's diplomatic support has been indispensable. However invaluable the military help furnished by France and West Germany, it is the United States that has been sole keeper of the peace in the Middle East since Suez—or, more precisely, the sole guarantor of all existing frontiers in the area, both Arab and Israeli.

As formulated recently by President Kennedy, the American position sounds reassuring: "The United States supports social and economic and political progress in the Middle East. We support the security of both Israel and her neighbors. We seek to limit the Near East arms race which obviously takes resources from an area already poor, and puts them into an increasing race which does not really bring any great security. We strongly oppose the use of force or the threat of force . . . and we also seek to limit the spread of Communism in the Middle East. . . . In the event of aggression or preparation for aggression, whether direct or indirect, we would support appropriate measures in the United Nations, adopt other courses of action on our own to prevent or to put a stop to such aggression . . ."

Since not all these objectives are compatible, obviously much will depend on where the State Department puts the most emphasis. While the Israelis do not think the declaration particularly relevant to the specific problem of Jordan and the general

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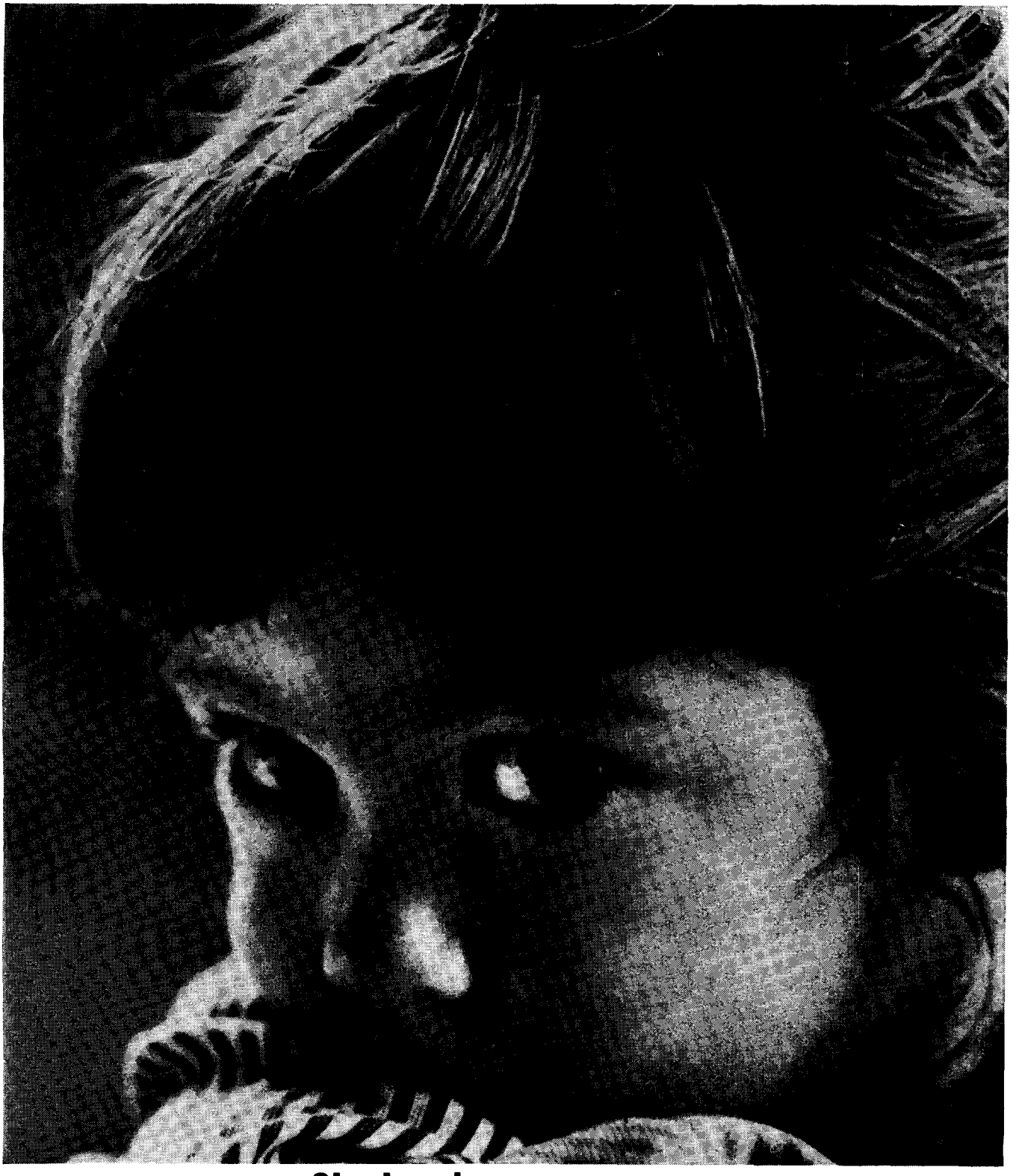

She has her eyes on you

And her wonderful, story-telling eyes are saying that there are a great many people, a lot of them helpless youngsters, who are desperately in need of your help. Some of them are sick, some are handicapped, and many are homeless. There are puzzled teen-agers in need of a guiding hand, troubled families in need of counseling, and people who are too old to work but too young to sit around doing nothing. When you look into this little one's eyes, we hope you will get the message—from the many people whose only hope for help is the once-a-year pledge you make to your United Fund or Community Chest. **One gift works many wonders/GIVE THE UNITED WAY**

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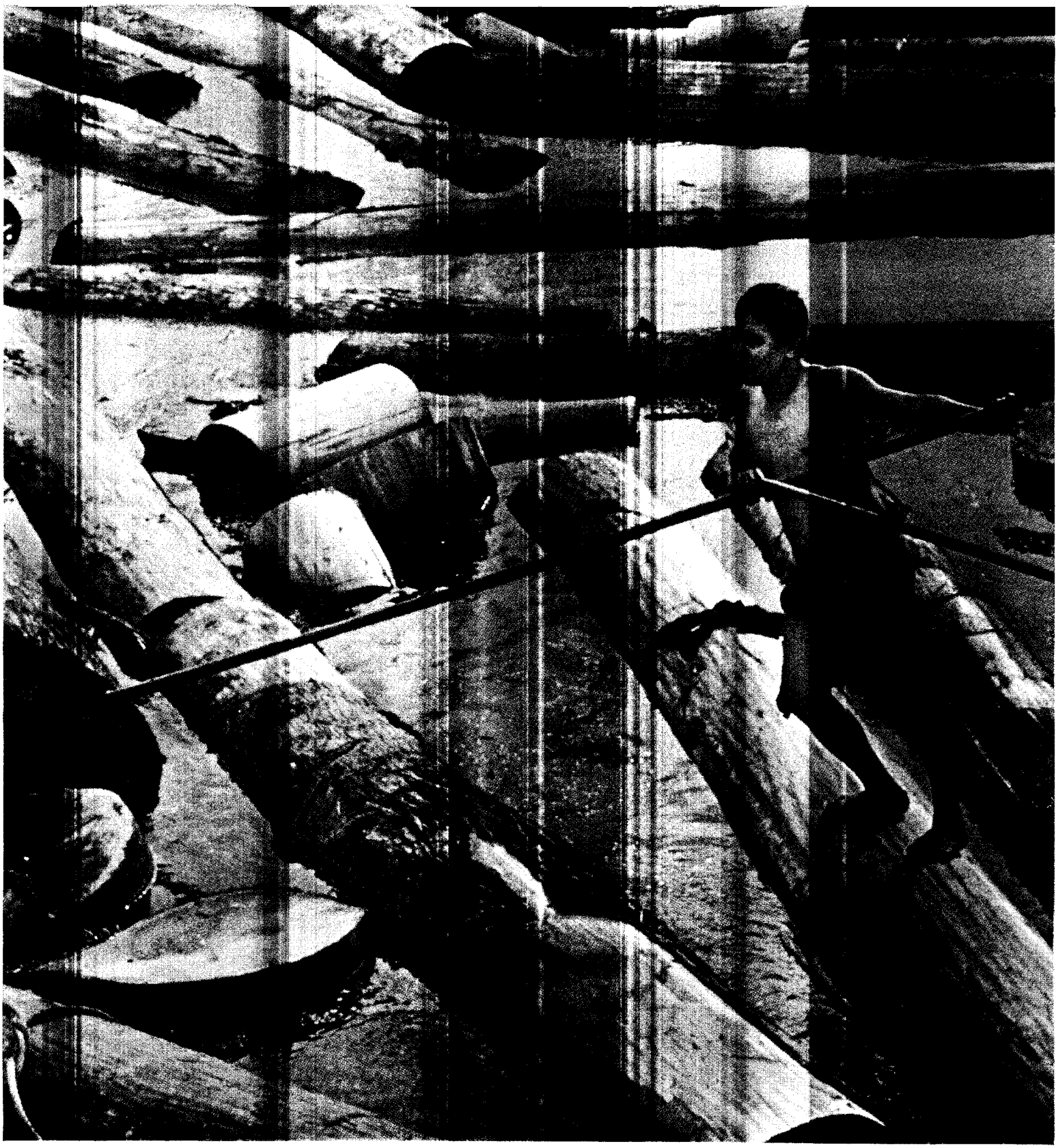

Philippine balancing act

Deep in the forests of the Philippines today newly felled logs float to the sawmills in increasing numbers—swelling the export of mahogany to help the nation's foreign trade reach a sound balance.

Production is growing as gasoline-powered chainsaws replace traditional hand tools. Mahogany, one of the most important sources of the Philippines' foreign exchange, now brings in 90 million dollars a year. These earnings may well triple as mechanization is extended.

Jersey Standard's affiliate, Esso Standard Eastern, supplies the fuel for the motorized saws. Although this is not a big market, it illustrates the way in which Esso's activities are geared to the economic and industrial well-being of the country. Another example is the 33-million-dollar chemical plant Esso is constructing to help meet the need for fertilizer—and help better the nation's exchange position as well. Esso is joint owner of a refinery in Bataan, operates

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some 450 retail outlets and is exploring for oil. With few exceptions Esso's employees are Filipinos who have been trained in a wide variety of skills and methods involved in oil operations.

Overseas investments like those Jersey and its affiliates have made in the Philippines and elsewhere help the United States keep pace in today's competition for expanding world markets. Throughout the free world they spur production, raise living standards and make possible increased trade among nations. Benefits to others are matched by benefits at home—in returns to shareholders and in stimulus to economic growth.

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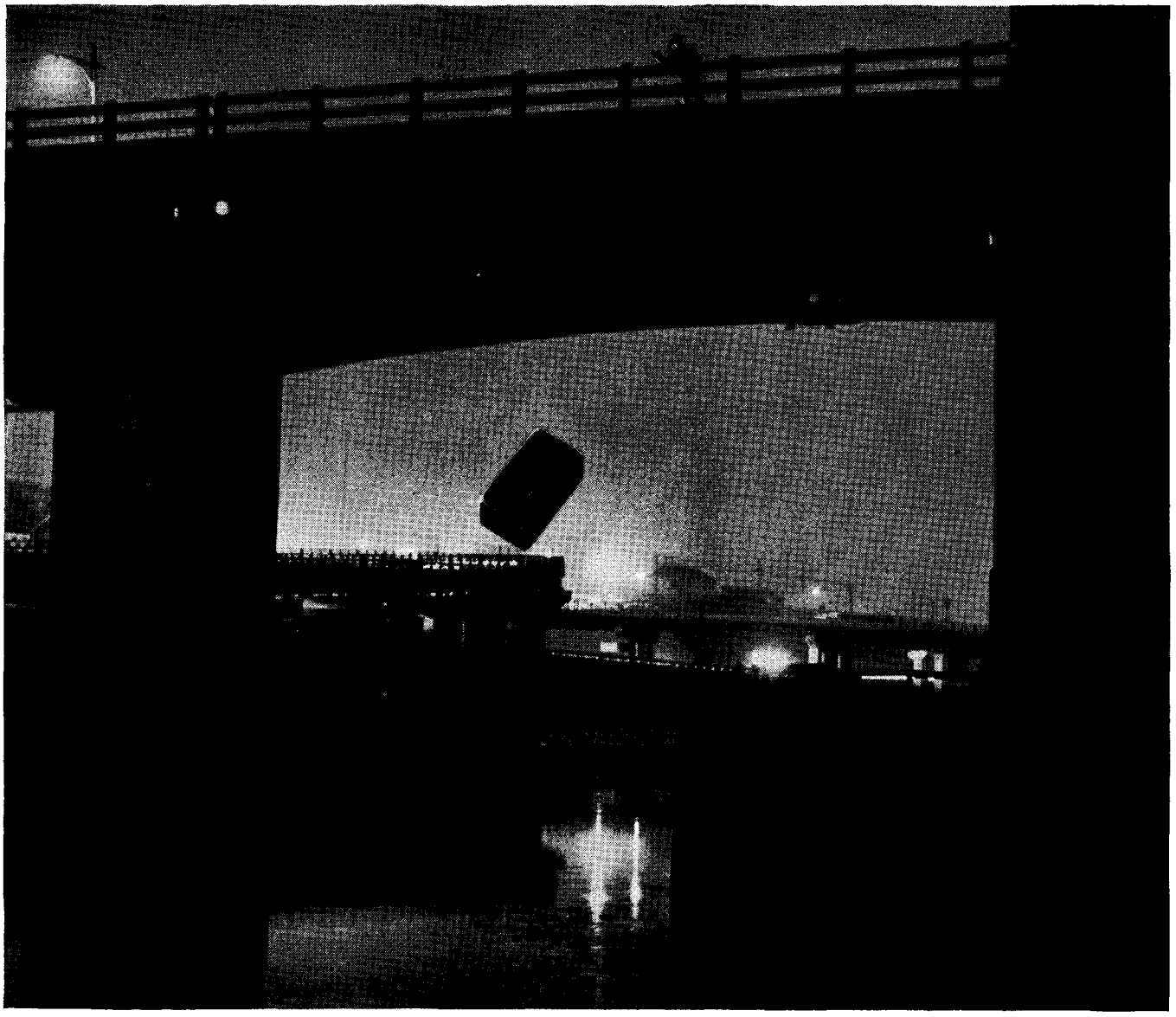
Standard Oil Company (New Jersey)
and its affiliate
Humble Oil & Refining Company



Why the burglar threw the Savings Bonds into the Passaic River

By the time Mrs. Lorraine Klamerus of East Rutherford, New Jersey, realized her Bonds were missing, they'd been lying on the bottom of the Passaic River for days. Still inside her strongbox.

The burglar threw them there after he found out they were worthless to anyone but Mrs. Klamerus.

As it turned out, the burglar was caught. Even if he hadn't been, Mrs. Klamerus wouldn't have been out a penny on her Bonds. For the Treasury Department keeps a microfilm record of every Bond sold, and replaces them at no cost to the owner.

This is just part of the guaranteed safety you get with U.S. Savings Bonds. And part of the reason millions of American families build their own strength and that of the nation this timely way. This strength is especially important now when the enemies of freedom are growing tougher every day.

Start buying Savings Bonds now, and see if you don't feel pretty good about it.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Quick facts about U.S. Savings Bonds

- You get $4 for every $3 at maturity
- You can get your money anytime
- Your Bonds are replaced free if lost, destroyed, or stolen
- You can save automatically on Payroll Savings

Help yourself while you help your country

BUY U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

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one of Nasser, they are divided as to how far the State Department can be trusted. In fact, there is sharp disagreement among men like former Premier Ben-Gurion and his successor, Levi Eshkol, ex-Commander-in-Chief Moshe Dayan, and Shimon Peres over whether Israel can afford to rely on U.S. protection in the difficult days ahead, and whether or when, under what conditions, it should fight.

In weighing the matter, the Israelis must consider their relations not just with the United States but also with the U.N. and especially with the new African states, whose numerical strength in the organization is steadily increasing. In the past few years, Israel's quiet program of technical assistance has spread throughout the continent. There are three hundred Israeli experts working now in Ghana, the Ivory Coast, Tanganyika, Guinea, Mali, Upper Volta, and a dozen other places, helping to reorganize armies and water systems, train nurses and social workers, and set up technical schools and shipping lines. The program has won such warm friendship in Africa that Nasser was not even able to introduce, let alone pass, an anti-Israel resolution at the recent African summit meeting in Addis Ababa. Considering the tireless Arab effort to isolate Israel economically and diplomatically, the Israelis can hardly afford to lose these new African friends, either.

With all this in the balance, the Israelis face a dramatic dilemma. They cannot remain passive if the balance of power in the Middle East swings too far in their disfavor. And if necessary, they are willing to defy the whole world again, as they did in 1956, by fighting another preventive war. Before doing so, however, their parliament has appealed to the United States, Russia, and the U.N. for total and controlled disarmament in the Middle East. This resolution of the Knesset was a cry of alarm. For a war in the Middle East could not be local, and if it were to be fought with the sophisticated weapons now in preparation—with or without atomic warheads—it would be a microcosm of, and perhaps the prelude to, a Third World War.

AT HOME & ABROAD

The Second Battle Of Homestead

JOSEPH G. COLANGELO, Jr.

Across the Monongahela River, seven miles around a bend from downtown Pittsburgh's revitalized "Golden Triangle," lies the town of Homestead. Its most outstanding feature, now as always, is a steel mill —an agglomeration of huge iron sheds stretched out in a mile-long arc parallel to the riverbank.

Seventy-one years ago, the millworkers in this town fought a brief but violent battle when Carnegie Steel Corporation's Henry Clay Frick attempted to make the mill safe for strikebreakers by sending in armed Pinkerton agents. Instead of submitting as they had in the past, the millhands literally took over the town and defeated the Pinkertons in a bloody engagement that stretched into the night on July 6, 1892.

Today, the town library is named after Carnegie, a patch of unkempt foliage on the hill is called Frick Park, and the millhands are up against a different kind of enemy—the forces of technological advance, economic readjustment, and a declining national growth rate. The issue is job security and the weapons are negotiation, arbitration, and the vagaries of contract. The recent steel settlement, for example, granting a thirteen-week vacation every five years to long-term employees, attempts to spread the work rather than raise the pay.

The superintendent of the Homestead mill is Robert McClure, who started in the steel industry as a laborer during the unionizing drives of the depression but who never joined the union and never wanted to. McClure will not give out figures on how many men have been laid off in his plant. The U.S. Steel Corporation, heir to the Carnegie holdings, will not permit it for "competitive reasons."

What McClure will say is that "the Homestead mill isn't new, but we've kept the equipment modernized and we've got a good competitive situation. We haven't been full recently, but we've been a damn sight closer to maintaining a respectable operating level than a lot of other mills in the area." That respectable level, he told me, is between fifty-five and sixty-five per cent of capacity.

Capacity, however, means steel, not people. Homestead has twenty-five open-hearth furnaces gathered into two different shops, called OH-4 and OH-5. The former, which has fourteen open hearths each capable of turning out 150 tons of metal three times a day, has been open only once since July, 1960. Of the eleven furnaces in OH-5, only seven to nine operate with any regularity. Each of these can produce 300 tons of steel three times a day. Since it takes as many men to operate a single 150-ton furnace as it does a 300-ton furnace, less than half the men are needed to maintain fifty-five per cent of capacity in the open-hearth division. This explains the "good competitive situation." But if increased demand should require U.S. Steel to relight the fourteen furnaces of OH-4, it would raise the

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average cost per unit of steel produced by the Homestead mill.

Elsewhere in the plant the pattern is similar. In one rolling mill the work force has gone from 1,700 to 1,200. In another, the drop has been from 1,500 to 1,000. There were 1,000 men in the plant's forge five years ago; there are 650 now. In all, there are only 6,000 union men at work in the mill today as compared with 9,700 five years ago and 10,400 ten years ago. Nor are all of the men left on the job working full time. Some are only scheduled four days a week. Others are on a week, off a week. Occasionally a section of the mill will shut down early in a shift for lack of orders to be processed.

The possibility—or the hope—that some of the layoffs may be only seasonal or temporary keeps many of the workers from facing up to the realities of their situation. Just between April and June of 1962, for example, more than a thousand men were let go in a temporary cutback. "If we get even eight hundred back," I was told by Barney Shields, a member of the plant grievance committee, "we'll be lucky. When things level off, they never level off where they were before."

The steelworkers' contract specifies that a man's employment is not officially terminated until he is on layoff continuously for two years. Even then he has the option of collecting his severance pay or continuing his layoff status for another three years in the hope that he will be called back. Each time a man is rehired, however, even if for only a day or two, he begins another twenty-four-month waiting period.

Unlike in the old days, when men were laid off without regard to rank or length of service, a steelworker today is almost always able to calculate when his turn will come. It is fixed by the date he was hired. "Steelworkers," according to Shields, "talk about only two things—sex and seniority." Seniority determines who will be laid off, who will be rehired, and who, instead of being laid off, can qualify for a lower-paying spot in the labor pool.

A certain reserve of men is likely to be needed around any mill on a regular basis to perform odd chores. Back in 1955, Local Union 1397, the Homestead local of USW, set up the first permanent labor reserve staffed by senior men laid off their normal jobs. (The international union has since adopted the system throughout the industry.) But things are so tight in Homestead today that unless a man was hired before March 4, 1942, he can't even qualify for the labor pool.

The Price of Progress

What, in addition to a lack of steel orders, is causing this more or less steady decline at the mill? Shields blames the permanent cutbacks on technological advance, cost cutting, and "contracting out." Automation comes last.

As recently as seven years ago, Shields informed me, it took almost fourteen hours to run a 150-ton "heat" of steel through a Homestead furnace. Today, with oxygen injected into the furnace to increase temperatures and with better materials handling, twice that amount can be produced in half the time. Recently U.S. Steel has announced that it will install in its nearby Duquesne Works two "oxygen converter" furnaces that can whip out a heat of steel in as little as fifty-two minutes. Paul Morrow, superintendent of the open-hearth division at Homestead, has said that the blueprints are in his top drawer if the company should ever decide to do the same at his mill. Two of these furnaces could produce as much steel as the fourteen unused open hearths in OH-4. And it takes as many men to operate one open hearth as it does to operate one oxygen converter.

"Contracting out" has been a particularly difficult problem at Homestead, although it is common to most of the steel industry. The issue is simply this: outsiders have been getting jobs in the mill that the Homestead millhands want. These outsiders are not scabs or strikebreakers; they are union members of the construction and building trades who work for outside contractors hired by U.S. Steel.

Local Union 1397 claims that its men should be hired for these jobs. Superintendent McClure admits that they are capable—"a damn sight better, in fact"—but protests that the contracts were let in boom times when the local men weren't available, that his maintenance division isn't equipped to do new construction, and that the outside contractors can do some of the work more cheaply. Such explanations offer little consolation to the group of boilermakers, for example, who were standing in line for their unemployment checks recently at union hall. Through a window that faced the plant, the men could see boilermakers from another union at work under contract putting a patch on one of the open hearths, a job they would normally do. "They came to me and asked me what I was going to do about it," Shields told me. "I told them I couldn't do anything about it, which I can't. We'd already arbitrated this thing and lost."

At the end of April, 1962, when the wholesale "temporary" layoffs began, the men tried to do something about it themselves. They held a "dues checkoff," and stopped every workman entering the mill gate, asking to see his union card, ostensibly to determine whether his USW membership was paid up. Anyone without USW credentials was kept out. At one point, Shields ran across a handful of steelworkers venting their rage on another unpopular figure in the current Homestead struggle—foreign cars. The men were about to dump a Volkswagen on the railroad tracks beside the plant. Shields stopped them, because for one thing, the foreman was still in the car. When the skirmish ended, the rules of modern industrial warfare prevailed and the problem of contracting out was referred to a labor-management committee.

As for automation, Superintendent McClure has said flatly, "Anybody who thinks he's going to run a steel mill with pushbuttons is out of his mind." U.S. Steel already has had one unfortunate experience with automated rolling mills at the Duquesne Works. The management there found that every time a slight modification was introduced in the automated rolling procedures, some fourteen thousand punch cards had to be altered. Moreover, an experienced rolling-machine operator could turn out more steel in less time. Duquesne has now gone back to manual operation.

But smaller operations have been automated quite successfully. The

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Homestead chemical laboratory is an example. Before the Second World War, analysis of finished steel to determine whether it met customers' specifications was done by a wet chemical process that required the services of 132 men. In 1949, the mill installed spectographs that speeded up operations considerably, but an increase in steel orders and the need for experienced personnel to interpret data from the machines kept the work force at the existing level. Then a "Quantometer," a device that made its own interpretations but missed a few of the elements, was put in and the chem lab force dropped from 132 to 65. Three years ago, the company installed a "Quanavac," which reads all elements, and now only thirty-six men are left.

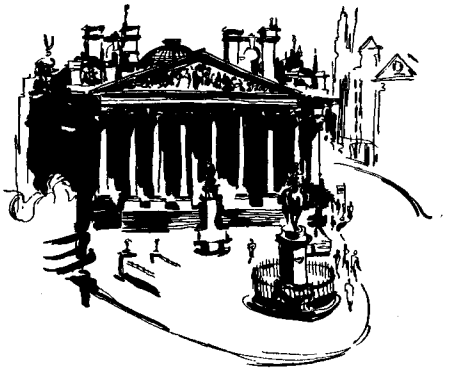
DESPITE the layoffs, Homestead doesn't look depressed. "Sure, there may be a couple of thousand men out of work," a local newspaper reporter remarked, "but there are seven or eight thousand still employed. And that's a hell of a lot of people pouring out onto the street at lunch hour in a town this size."

The men out of work are protected from immediate desperation by state unemployment compensation and industry-supported supplemental unemployment benefits (SUB). When this is used up, usually in thirty-two weeks, a worker can, if necessary, get welfare payments, which carry with them a lien on the man's home, if he is lucky enough to own one.

Today in the Homestead area there are 550 public assistance cases and five to six thousand men receiving unemployment compensation. On the average, two hundred to two hundred and fifty of the unemployment-compensation claims run out every month, but perhaps the most dramatic statistic is the drop in population. Since 1950, a fourth of Homestead's people have moved out.

Some of those who lost their jobs but stayed on have found other work, but most companies are reluctant to hire men still technically on layoff status at Homestead. They know that for the most part the men will return to their old jobs and former seniority if the mill ever gets back to full production.

One laid-off worker, Gene Zuger, tried to escape this trap. With his brother-in-law, he decided in August, 1961, to drive out to Valparaiso, Indiana, where the National Steel Corporation had just opened a new mill. Another brother-in-law, also out of work, had just landed a job there. They left at noon. At 3 P.M., after months without a word from the company, the mill telephoned his home to ask if he could come in the next morning. His wife took the message and got in touch with her husband in Valparaiso late that evening. Zuger hitchhiked back that night to Homestead. He worked nine days, and was laid off again. When he returned to Valparaiso, all the available openings were filled. The brother-in-law who was fortunate enough *not* to be called back has been employed steadily at the Indiana mill ever since. The Zugers, who have six children, are now living on $121.30 every two weeks from the county welfare department. To them the Second Battle of Homestead, which is actually a kind of siege, is no less painful than the first was to the earlier steelworkers, who not only won their fight but were able to confront the enemy directly.



The Right Honourable Foreign Secretary

GORDON BROOK-SHEPHERD

LONDON

IN 1960 when Lord Home, then an almost unknown occupant of a minor cabinet post, was made Foreign Secretary to succeed Selwyn Lloyd, he was caricatured in the press as a docile monkey perched on top of Mr. Macmillan's hurdy-gurdy. Only eighteen months later the cartoonists saw him as a fearsome mastiff, dragging his puny and disheveled Prime Minister on a leash behind him.

Though neither portrait of Alexander Frederick Douglas-Home, the fourteenth Earl of Home, was correct, the cartoonists' estimate of the distance he had come in that short time was entirely accurate. For whatever the fate of the Conservative Party may be at the next election, Lord Home, whose appointment many considered a purely stopgap measure, has turned out to be one of the surprising successes of Mr. Macmillan's government.

In many ways, Lord Home's record has been a puzzling one. The denouncer of world Communism has often seemed the one western statesman most anxious to treat with its leaders; the apostle of world peace became, next to de Gaulle, the leading western critic of the United Nations; the patrician of firm, even rigid principles appeared at times almost an opportunist, an eager "fixer" of East-West problems. Can these apparent contradictions be reconciled?

"I have never for one moment imagined myself, or my country, in

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the role of middleman between Russians and Americans," Lord Home told me recently. "This we can never be for the simple reason that we can never be impartial—we are, and I trust will always be, on the American side. But, because of our history and our experience—after all, we have been in this diplomatic game for many centuries—we have the chance and the duty to search for and, wherever possible, to make openings leading to a better understanding between the two superpowers. Our prestige is not openly at stake in such soundings. Theirs might well be.

"However, before any nation can be persuaded to support such efforts," he continued, "it must face up to the basic realities of the Communist threat. That is why, when I took on this job, I immediately set out to make the British people realize that Communism doesn't change, or changes only very slowly. There must be no doubts or hedging on that. But having accepted this, there can be no harm in searching for areas of working agreement."

Anti-Communism has, in fact, been a consistent theme of Lord Home's political life ever since he entered Parliament for the family seat of Lanark in the Scottish border country more than thirty-two years ago. It was a powerful and perhaps predominant element in his support for Neville Chamberlain's appeasement of the Nazis when he served for two years as a parliamentary private secretary. It underlay his vigorous denunciation (now often forgotten) of the Yalta agreements eighteen years ago in the House of Commons, where he sat as Lord Dunglass before succeeding to the earldom. And in supporting the Suez adventure of 1956, he spoke of "the forestalling of a Communist plot."

Lord Home clearly does not doubt that his own views correspond with the actual needs of his country, and beyond that he certainly makes no attempt to conceal his deep pride in Britain's historic values and their relevance for the world today. He is convinced that he has thought out to its logical conclusion the truism that Britain's status now rests on political influence rather than military power. It is to preserve such influence that he is a wholehearted advocate of the British national nuclear deterrent and of those NATO plans which allow Britain a major contribution and therefore a major role. But he has also seen that in order to exert this influence in an age of frozen fronts, it is essential that there be constant diplomatic movement between East and West and that Britain should, wherever possible, initiate that movement.

As he sees it, negotiations between the United States and Russia do not increase or diminish the stature of either country. But to maintain its own position as a first-class power, Britain must try to rekindle negotiations when they die down and to be a part of them when they are in progress. Britain thus has a permanent vested interest in negotiations that the two superpowers do not have. And in the case of the present Tory cabinet, there is a political interest as well—the need of the hard-pressed Macmillan government to make domestic capital out of its role abroad.

Left Hand, Right Hand

Theoretically, there has always been the danger that, in an overzealous "search for openings" on Macmillan's behalf, Lord Home might fall into a Communist trap. But how has it worked in practice?

Perhaps the best statement of his own working rules as British Foreign Secretary was given by Lord Home in his speech to the Pilgrims of the United States last October. It began with a characteristic whiff of dignified national pride. After saying that he was about to offer "some reflections on the role of a trustee for freedom in an age of nuclear power," he went on: "My credentials for doing so can only stem from the fact that we preceded you in the questionable honour of being the first power in the world and that, during the long period of our tenure of office, the Pax Britannica was a reality."

He then proposed the following "two-handed approach" toward the Russians: ". . . with your left hand you continue to guard everything you hold precious. And you proclaim that to the world so that none should encroach by accident on ground on which you cannot yield. . . . And with your right hand you search patiently and without illusions for ways and means of taking the tensions out of international life and helping the flow of people and ideas across the international barriers."

His American audience might have objected that the right hand ought to have been where the left hand was, and vice versa. This is, in fact, the very difference of emphasis that has at times forced London and Washington out of step in their approach to two major diplomatic problems, Laos and Berlin.

When Laos erupted again early in 1961, Lord Home was more responsible than anyone else for persuading President Kennedy to abandon by degrees the American policy of outright support for the right-wing Laotian "strong man," General Phoumi Nosovan, and to follow the British-French line of backing a "neutralist" solution for the country as personified by Prince Souvanna Phouma. This, he argued, was not a retreat from the Communists so much as a retreat from logistics. The landlocked jungles of Laos would have been a nightmare terrain in which to mount a major offensive; better therefore to accept the shaky prospect of neutrality than the almost certain disaster of a showdown. Recent events have proved how shaky indeed any Laotian neutrality must be, but they have still not indicated any feasible military solution.

Though Berlin would seem to present just about the same dubious alternatives, given the Soviet encirclement of the city, the Foreign Office has continued to regard it as the test case of western good faith and will power. But, precisely because of the city's supreme symbolic importance, it has also been regarded as being a good subject for the sort of patient searching Lord Home commended to the American Pilgrims.

At least one of these searches was his own initiative—the attempt to sound out Vice-Premier Andrei A. Gromyko on the possibility of "internationalizing" the access routes to the divided capital. In this, as in a readiness to "recognize the existence" of the East German régime, London has sometimes found itself

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out of step with Washington. But the whole western approach to Berlin has scarcely been characterized by rigid discipline.

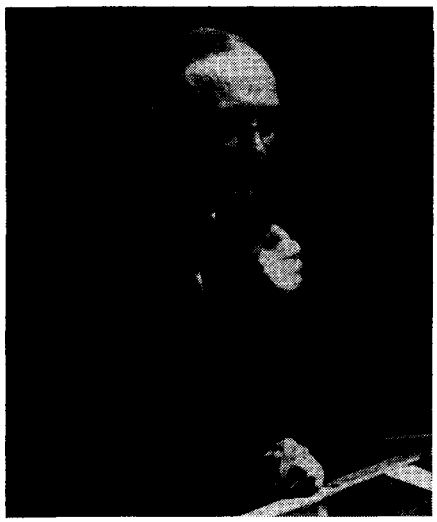
So much for the "soft" policies of Lord Home. What of his "hard" policies, which have aroused even more controversy? Here again, to head the list, is his outspoken criticism of the United Nations and his rigid stand during the Congo crisis.

The strictures on the U.N. were delivered in a prepared speech at Berwick-on-Tweed on December 28, 1961. For the first time, a western leader publicly referred to the "apparent difference of aim and purpose" between the fifty-one founder-members of the organization and many of the fifty-three states, the majority newly independent, that had joined subsequently. He accused the new states of a "double standard of behavior"—condoning the tyranny of the Soviet empire while trying to push the British into abandoning their few remaining colonies at a helter-skelter pace that could only invite chaos. Afro-Asian righteousness had never been subjected to such an assault, and the howl that went up was commensurate.

When I saw him recently, I asked Lord Home what effect he thought his "double standards" campaign might have at the U.N. He was unrepentant about the principle but realistic about results. "I think it may have forced people to think more about this problem and rationalize their thoughts. Some of the Afro-Asian states may now be coming around to seeing our case in a more reasonable light. One must of course be careful about preaching any sort of morals. It is all too easy to think that, as a politician, you have a divine right to do so. There is in fact no set of principles which fits the whole world—the Christian ones obviously don't. But, whatever the theory, double standards and double dealing in practice must go; otherwise we cannot conduct international affairs. It's as simple as that."

His attacks on Afro-Asian duplicity and on Soviet breaches of faith would seem to proceed in large measure from rather old-fashioned British convictions about fair play. He is not unmindful for example, of the fact that members who together contribute only 1.4 per cent to the U.N. budget can muster a "blocking third" vote in the Assembly, 2.5 per cent a simple majority, and 5.9 per cent a two-thirds majority. This disparity can only lead, as he sees it, to the dangerous temptation of "power without responsibility."

Moreover, his frankly expressed mistrust of Afro-Asian agitation reflects once again the traditionalist's pride in his country's historical role. Like many others, he ranks Britain's



Wide World

peaceful relinquishment of its empire as an achievement equal in stature to its conquest. And he feels that a colonial world power in its decline should be allowed to complete the voluntary liquidation of its enterprise with order and dignity.

This attitude probably explains, more than any special concern for British commercial interests, his unrelenting opposition to the forcible incorporation of Katanga into the Congo. Seen as a piece of short-term political judgment, this was clearly not one of his best efforts. It implied an overestimate of the extent to which a separate Katangan identity existed and an underestimate of the ease with which this identity could be absorbed. Indeed, his pronunciamento of December 29, 1962, when the second U.N. action started against Katanga—"I have repeatedly impressed on U Thant the futility of military measures"—was soon made to look rather silly by the apparent effectiveness of that operation. (Significantly, this was one of the few policy statements on the Congo that the Foreign Secretary slipped past his advisers, whose deep respect he has earned by respecting them.)

It must also be borne in mind that throughout the long crisis, it was not the Congo itself so much as neighboring Rhodesia that gave him anxiety. U.N. intervention in Katanga might serve as a pretext for similar measures in the Rhodesia Federation, whose dissolution and emancipation was the last, the greatest, and the toughest task that challenged the overseas reputation of Britain and the Macmillan government. Lord Home had no wish to see the chaos of the Congo spread.

A Strong Bridge

Lord Home brought with him to office one great advantage that, it often seems, only complete social and economic security can bestow on a statesman: independence. He has rarely seemed harried by the pressure of events and is never submerged by them. His public life, like that of Winston Churchill and unlike the careers of the work-consumed Selwyn Lloyd or Anthony Eden, is marked by an almost visible margin of leisure; in superficial terms, it is shown by his uncluttered desk and his habit of taking a Friday train up to Scotland whenever possible. Furthermore, by precluding him from the premiership, his noble rank has conferred on him a disinterestedness that is in sharp contrast to the jockeying for position seen everywhere else in the Conservative Party. His unconscious assumption that it is the inborn right and duty of the hereditary elite to rule may seem out of joint with the times. But the world may still have use for some of the other quantities he represents.

His tenure has not been a spectacular one. There have been no great personal triumphs. But, at the end, it would seem reasonable for him to hope that he will have left the bridge to America still firm and the bridge to Moscow still open, a Britain still stronger in the world than its physical strength would warrant, and the new states that have arisen from its empire a little more conscious than they were of its traditional values.

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The Curbing of the Militant Majority

A dissent from the classic liberal interpretation of civil liberties in America

JOHN P. ROCHE

For some curious reason, historians and political scientists have largely by-passed the history of civil liberties in the United States before the First World War. The consequence of this neglect has been the prevalence of an amazing set of clichés about the character of contemporary American society and the historic position of civil liberty in the American political tradition.

Once upon a time, so the story runs, the United States was a land of militant, inner-directed non-conformists, men who were as sensitive to the rights of others as they were fierce in the defense of their own autonomy. Then slowly over this green and pleasant land crept the miasma of orthodoxy, an enervating spirit of conformity which left in its wake an atomized population of other-directed status seekers gibbering the slogans of the moment, terrified of the FBI, and finding ultimate consolation only in the narcosis of mass culture. A nation of Thoreaus has in some subtle fashion been transformed into an anomic mass of dying salesmen.

Underlying all this nonsense, of course, is the myth of bucolic virtue which Richard Hofstadter so sensitively limned in *The Age of Reform*: the notion, profoundly Jeffersonian, that the rural yeoman is the paradigmatic Democratic Citizen and that cities are a source of civic degeneracy, a malignant cancer on the body politic. With this agrarian nostalgia is combined a heavy dose of sociological paranoia: a self-anointed intellectual elite has simply lost patience with a mass society that persists in spending its newfound leisure bowling or watching TV rather than reading Kafka, a society where the masses refuse to genuflect to their Cultural Betters. So the critics talk morosely of "the eclipse of community" and "the lonely crowd," conveniently forgetting that a mere half century ago it was precisely the firmly integrated rural community and the accompanying "idiocy of rural life" that set off the mad rush to urban anonymity.

Few historians, political scientists, or sociologists seem to love cities; the medieval German aphorism *"Stadt Luft macht frei"*—city air nourishes freedom—has seldom been echoed by American students of the process of urbanization. Suffice it here to note my conviction that it has been a major factor in the growth of liberty in the United States by bringing about the collapse of that "natural community" which brings nostalgic tears to the eyes of sociological critics of contemporary American culture. Within the cities the breakdown of ethnic ghettos—"natural communities" *par excellence*—has paralleled the demise of a rurally based, authoritarian social structure.

There is a singular durability in the myth that at some undesignated time in the past there was in the United States a golden age of individual freedom. Vernon L. Parring-

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ton (*Main Currents in American Thought*) and his followers probably established this tradition so far as modern American historians are concerned, although it should be added that the filio-patristic nationalistic writers, for their own reasons, assigned extraordinary virtue to the founders of the Republic. Parrington was quite explicit: American liberty hit its apogee with the Declaration of Independence and has been on the decline ever since. Jefferson is the folk hero of this tradition, and the basic analytic proposition on which the whole Parringtonian superstructure rests is that the centralized state is the enemy of freedom. The Hamiltonians thus become the sappers under the fortress of liberty, and it follows (quite properly in logical terms) that the increase in the power of the state has automatically led to a decline in the rights of the individual. The better to preserve the pristine ideal, Parringtonians regularly overlook the inconvenient facts that Jefferson opposed both John Adams's Sedition Law and Hamilton's mercantilism on *states'-rights* grounds. Here, for example, is Jefferson's Second Inaugural Address on the subject of religious freedom:

"In matters of religion I have considered that its free exercise is placed by the Constitution independent of the powers of the General Government. I have therefore undertaken on no occasion to prescribe the religious exercises suited to it, but have left them, as the Constitution found them, under the direction and discipline of the church *or state* authorities acknowledged by the several religious societies." (Italics added.) A few paragraphs later, he made the same differentiation between state and national *vires* in connection with the handling of seditious libels.

How can we account for this curious refusal to confront historical reality on its own terms? A generation that ruthlessly suppressed Tory speech and Tory press (not merely "overt" Tory acts), confiscated Tory property with a zeal and efficiency a Bolshevik could admire, and populated the wilds of Canada with its opposition, has somehow been acclaimed as "conservative." A generation that employed loyalty oaths and disclaimer affidavits in a fashion that would bring joy to the heart of a Joseph R. McCarthy has similarly been credited with establishing civil liberties in the United States. The forty-second and latest *Annual Report* of the American Civil Liberties Union, for example, gives a stirring quotation from Jefferson and bemoans "our twentieth century resurrection of official orthodoxy," with the clear implication that "official orthodoxy" was a foreign product that Jefferson and his fellow libertarians barred from these shores.

Still Fighting the King

If there was one thing on which John Adams and Thomas Jefferson always agreed, it was with respect to what has been called the doctrine of "American exceptionalism," the view that the truths of the Old World were not necessarily applicable to the realities of the New. It seems to me that, oddly enough, the source of historical confusion about civil rights has largely arisen from a refusal to recognize the validity of this insight. To put the point precisely, a set of analytic categories devised in Europe to cope with European development has been unthinkingly applied to the American scene. Thus because the political leaders of the American Revolution were not "Jacobins," they must have been "conservatives." Similarly the often terrifying realities of a savage, brawling frontier society and the brutal confrontations in the great Civil War and the lesser civil wars (between labor and management, white and Negro, Mormon and "gentile," Irish and nativist) have been converted into exercises in consensual group therapy because they refuse to fit the standards of European social theory.

What this means in concrete terms is that the European liberal doctrine that the centralized state is the natural enemy of freedom was simply transplanted to the American scene —where, I submit, it was essentially irrelevant. The centralized state, that "Mortall God" which in Europe emerged triumphant over the centrifugal tendencies of feudalism and the religious wars and in the process destroyed the "liberties" of the subject, of the town, and of the province or shire alike, never developed on this side of the water. To the European liberals, Thomas Hobbes was the enemy incarnate, and bravely they fought to put chains on Leviathan, to curb the power of a centralized bureaucracy, to mobilize the power of the community against the artificial "engines of tyranny" created at Paris or Westminster. But the "engines of oppression" were not successfully exported to the American colonies; British efforts to establish centralized colonial administration foundered—as young John Adams pointed out to a Boston discussion group almost two centuries ago—on the stubborn realities of local sovereignty. (And, it should be added, on British inefficiency.)

The American Revolution was —as Adams also pointed out— fought to retain *de facto* local sovereignty against British efforts to establish Leviathan on an international basis. It was fought to maintain the civil liberties of Americans, i.e., the right of Americans to define their rights for themselves. No one ever suggested that a Tory could assert his rights against his patriot neighbors, and there was certainly no operating concept of "vested individual rights" against the community. John Locke was interpreted, as indeed he had been in his own day, as the theoretician of majority rule, as the tribune of the community in its resistance to arbitrary, capricious, and above all unrepresentative governmental institutions. There was no appeal to "natural law" against the responsible decisions of the society: for Locke and the Americans who set to work building their own governments, it was simply taken for granted that civil law defined natural law in any truly representative system. Bills of rights were thus designed to protect the citizen from the possible usurpations of the government, not from the decisions of his neighbors.

THE FEDERAL Bill of Rights, from this viewpoint, was not designed to preserve the liberty of the individual but to guarantee that *local* definitions of liberty would prevail. If one reads carefully the Amendments dealing with criminal procedure (IV through VIII), he will appreciate the institutional sagacity of their sponsors: literally enforced, they would

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make impossible the development in the United States of a Tudor judiciary, that marvelous mechanism of centralization where the royal judge became in effect a local viceroy. (Those who noted the failure of the Federal government to indict former Major General Edwin Walker for incitement to riot against national authority in the wake of the Mississippi crisis last year will admire the effectiveness of the authors of the Fifth Amendment: a Mississippi grand jury refused to turn in a true bill and the United States government was helpless.)

The community, then, is charged with protecting civil liberties from any perversion by the state. But, returning to the concept of American exceptionalism, has this curbing of the Federal government ever really been the problem in the United States? It is my contention that since the seventeenth century the basic civil-liberties problem has been not the arbitrary exercise of centralized power but the despotism of the militant majority. Thus while the growth of bureaucracy, particularly of the national government, and the expansion of national law proves to the Parringtonians that liberty is in decline, I look upon the same set of historical developments and find a growing tradition of impersonal bureaucratized justice and a withering away of decentralized authoritarianism. Moreover, I am prepared to argue that something "impossible" has happened, impossible that is in terms of the premises of European liberalism: the national government has become an instrument for protecting individual freedom.

An Invisible Terror

Since this involves some drastic shifts in definition, let me set forth in more detail what I mean by the despotism of the militant majority. Until roughly the First World War, excluding the Sedition Act of 1798, it is impossible to find any national laws penalizing dissenting *opinion*. And until the great epidemic of criminal anarchy laws touched off by the assassination of President McKinley, the states had little legislation on the subject. It would, however, be a drastic error to draw from this absence of legislation the conclusion that freedom of opinion was universally respected. Or, if one wishes to quibble with this generalization, we can concede that freedom of opinion was everywhere respected —with the right to define *opinion* reserved to local juries. There was nothing "individualistic" about the common law, and in most states the old common-law remedies for nonconformity were adequate to the needs of the time. Thus a citizen who advocated birth control would find himself in court charged with "lewd behavior" and "breach of the peace" and, unless he could convince stalwart jurymen of the virtue of his cause, would wind up in the workhouse for six months. His opinions were not at issue; it was his "lewd behavior" that got him into trouble—and no one, anywhere, has a constitutional right to behave lewdly. If his opinions were the source of his behavior, that was his problem; his objective actions alone were involved in the trial. He might think whatever he wanted, but he might not behave lewdly.

Let us take another area—freedom of conscience, which most bills of rights guaranteed absolutely. Here we have a classic example in the legal assault on the Church of Jesus Christ, Latter Day Saints, by which the Mormons were savagely persecuted in Missouri and Illinois and eventually besieged and beaten in their Utah fortress. The Mormons, claiming divine inspiration, incorporated as part of their creed the doctrine of "celestial marriage," i.e., polygamy. Their neighbors, suffering perhaps from prurient envy, denounced them as bigamists and the majesty of the law was invoked. To their claim of freedom of religion, the judges and juries uniformly replied that bigamy was a crime, not an exercise of freedom of conscience. Freedom of religion stopped at the outer limits of the criminal code. (In Utah and Idaho, however, the jury system failed in its obligations: Mormon jurors acquitted Mormons. The consequence was that Congress, which had refused to act in defense of Southern Negroes who had been returned to virtual slavery by a militant majority, their white neighbors, passed a bill barring "bigamists," "polygamists," and "any person cohabiting with more than one woman" from voting or serving on juries and thus got the local majority back in sound hands!) A Mormon in jail for bigamy could hardly claim that his religious freedom had been violated; by definition (of twelve good men, well-chosen and true), religious freedom had been held not to include the right to be a bigamist.

To abbreviate a long story, I have been searching for some years for an early (say pre-1900) case in which a state court overruled a decision of a lower court on civil-rights grounds, that is, invoked a provision of a state bill of rights as a bar to prosecution. There are cases that conform to the Parringtonian ideal—where state courts have thrown out *statutes* as violative of a state bill of rights—but I have yet to find an instance in which an appellate state tribunal threw out the decision of a local jury on libertarian grounds. There must be some cases in this category somewhere, but they are fairly well concealed. Perhaps elected judges took a dim view of reversing and remanding the decisions of their constituents.

One of the marvels of the common law in this context was (and is) its invisibility. No centralized state apparatus had been mobilized; the sheriff or chief of police handled the burden of prosecution; no statute was normally invoked; and the defendant was never put away for sedition but simply for "unlawful assembly" or "breach of the peace" —legal rubrics that are still, as recent Freedom Rider and sit-in litigation demonstrates, extremely difficult to handle at the appellate level. For technical reasons that need not concern us here, appellate courts have always been limited in their ability to go "behind" the record—to investigate *de novo* the facts in a case—so that to this day it is extraordinary to find an instance where sufficient legal sophistication is employed at the trial level to make possible an appellate reversal of a conviction for "breach of the peace." (The NAACP has been infuriating Southern prosecutors by providing precisely this expertise, carefully introducing into the trial record material that opens up the possibility of broad appeal.)

Although one can condemn the consequences of this system as "un-

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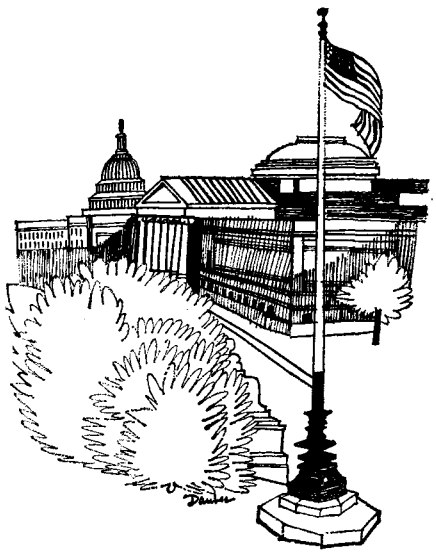
democratic," the system itself seems to have reflected the "will of the people." This pluralism of decentralized authoritarianism made it possible, of course, for a wide range of views to exist, each in its own haven of orthodoxy. "Law and order" in this milieu clearly meant what the local majority defined as such. A sheriff elected on a clean-up program in Nevada gave this position its finest expression: anyone who rejected the principles of "law and order," he proclaimed, would be "summarily hanged."

Now all of this—like the local campaign of extermination in the ante-bellum South against the Abolitionists—took place below the threshold of classic liberal sensitivity. Civil rights in the United States were secure, an Albert Jay Nock or William Graham Sumner would argue, adducing the absence of centralized, bureaucratized despotism. Also below their threshold were the exercises of sovereign power by economic feudalities, the great private governments of the last quarter of the nineteenth century and the first three decades of the twentieth. While the New York Central Railroad or the United States Steel Corporation, *inter alia*, fulfilled every definition of sovereignty except issuing postage stamps, the restrictions they imposed on their subjects were not violations of individual liberty. On the contrary, from this vantage point they were merely contractual obligations freely accepted as a precondition for making a living. A man might receive the economic equivalent of the death sentence—dismissal and blacklisting—for joining a union, and a union organizer might be forbidden even to discuss the merits of organization with workers who had signed "yellow dog" contracts (a limitation on freedom of speech which the Supreme Court accepted on the grounds that such a speech constituted incitement to breach of contract!), but none of the classic civil-rights issues were involved.

Indeed, civil-rights issues did not arise in this area unless the state attempted to intervene on behalf of the workers—by, say, banning the yellow dog contract, or requiring payment in coin of the realm rather than scrip, or limiting the work-week. The minute the state was sighted on the horizon, classical civil libertarians marshaled their forces for Armageddon.

Mob Rule and the Law

To summarize an elaborate argument, if we examine the "state of civil liberties" in 1900 from the classical liberal viewpoint, we find that the United States was clearly the freest nation in the world (the otherwise sound British had a bad habit of passing Factory Acts and other invasions of Freedom of Contract). There was no centralized bureaucracy, no national police, no income tax, no national control of state and local government—the nation was a libertarian paradise. Yet, if one analyzed the same data from another angle, he might contend that the United States was a nation where the workers were at the mercy of their employers, Negroes were living in serfdom, religious and ethnic minorities were subjected to



blatant discrimination, and the "rights of the individual" were those specified by a militant majority of his neighbors.

Patently it is a question of what "model" one employs. In the United States there existed both a weak and decentralized governmental apparatus *and* a fundamental absence of individual freedom for those to whom it was important: those who differed on basic issues with the rural, white, predominantly Anglo-Saxon Protestant majority. The majority was free—it held views approved by the majority, or by those local majorities which characterized a country still strongly regional in emphasis. Community authoritarianism also permeated those subcultures that were under attack by the great society: Brooklyn Jews who sponsored a Yom Kippur ball to demonstrate their liberation from the "superstitions" of the Orthodox were mobbed by their neighbors in the ghetto, and a hard-rock miner in Colorado who refused to respond to the bugle of the Western Federation of Miners could expect little sympathy on his painful ride out of town.

ONE FINAL EXAMPLE may illuminate the shadowy place in my argument. On April 26, 1913, a tragic sequence of events began in Atlanta, Georgia, when Mary Phagan was found raped and murdered in the basement of Moses Frank's pencil factory, managed by his nephew Leo. Leo Frank was accused of the crime, indicted, tried, and convicted of murder. The evidence was flimsy and wholly circumstantial; the prosecution's key witness, Jim Conley, was certainly himself the murderer. But in no real sense was Frank on trial: the Jews were in the cage. "Our little girl—*ours* by the eternal God!," bellowed Tom Watson, the agrarian demagogue who was to be elected to the Senate in 1920 on a program that mixed equal parts of anti-war Populism, anti-Semitism, and anti-Catholicism, "has been pursued to a hideous death and bloody grave by *this filthy perverted Jew of New York*." Frank's lawyer was told bluntly, "If they don't hang that Jew, we'll hang you." In this atmosphere Frank was sentenced to hang (Watson editorially licked his chops at the prospect of vengeance on this "lascivious Jew"); eventually after successive appeals the United States Supreme Court rejected Frank's contention that the state of Georgia had denied him due process of law. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., joined by Charles Evans Hughes, dissented brutally from the seven-justice majority which implicitly ruled (technically they declined jurisdiction) that Frank had been granted his full legal remedies under the Constitution. "Mob rule," said Holmes, expounding a position taken for granted by today's court,

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"does not become due process of law by securing the assent of a terrorized jury. . . . it is our duty [to declare] lynch law as little valid when practiced by a regularly drawn jury as when administered . . . . by a mob intent on death."

It appears that by this time the Georgia judges were well aware of Frank's innocence. Conley had confessed to his lawyer, who, bound by the lawyer-client relationship, could not reveal the information. Finally, incapable of standing silent while Frank was railroaded to the gallows, the counsel confided the matter to Judge Arthur Powell, who was his intimate friend. The latter apparently passed the information on to Governor John Slaton, though still under the seal of secrecy. But with Watson on the war path, no one wished to assume responsibility for letting "the Jew" go free, or even for ordering a new trial. Finally with Frank about to hang, Governor Slaton risked his own neck and commuted the sentence to life imprisonment. Frank, secretly removed from Atlanta to Milledgeville Prison Farm, was immediately knifed by a fellow convict and was soon seized by a mob and lynched. "We regard the hanging of Leo Frank as an act of law-abiding citizens," observed the Marietta *Journal,* and Tom Watson chortled, "Jew libertines take notice!"

Back at the statehouse in Atlanta, only the intervention of armed troops prevented a frenzied mob from hanging Governor Slaton and dynamiting his home. When Slaton left office, and Georgia, three days after commuting Frank's sentence, his once promising political career was over. And when Tom Watson died in 1922, Eugene V. Debs sent his widow a letter praising this "heroic soul who fought the power of evil his whole life long." More appropriately, the Ku Klux Klan sent a huge floral cross.

The Sources of Freedom

This was the militant majority in action, and one can find other episodes that equally demonstrate the unfettered passion of mob rule operating under the procedural formulas of "due process of law"—the extirpation of opposition during the First World War presents the interested student with an endless accumulation of relevant data. But the classical liberal would theoretically remain unmoved: the centralized state, that evil abstraction, played a minor role or none. (A. Mitchell Palmer's brutal raids in the immediate postwar period were the first nationally directed sedition hunt on a large scale since 1798, but Harding's victory put an end to any national concern with ideas—"good" or "bad.") The absence of a star chamber has been taken as proof of the existence of freedom of opinion, the lack of an FBI or a "security program" as evidence of unfettered individual freedom.

Actually, in the transformation of American life from the condign direct democracy of the "old order" to the regularized tradition of due process of law, enforced by national courts, a major share of the credit for converting civil liberties from privileges a community granted to its members to rights which can be defended against a militant local majority must be accorded to the intervention of the centralized state. The passage of the Wagner Act, for example, was one of the greatest acts of liberation in American history; decisions of the Supreme Court in school segregation, reapportionment, search and seizure, right to counsel, and other cases have played a notable part in the expansion of individual freedom; and one should not overlook in this context the work of the national Executive, such as President Truman's desegregation orders for the Federal administration and the armed forces and President Kennedy's housing order. The same pattern of governmental action has been instituted in many states.

And yet this state action for *individual* freedom—not group freedom, not majority freedom—still arouses the wrath of classical liberals; and contemporary liberals, who hold no general brief against the state, often seem hypnotized by the litany. Last December, for instance, the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions held a potlatch in New York where speaker after speaker, mostly from civil-liberties circles, echoed the mordant warning that American liberty was in unprecedented jeopardy. No sane man will deny that the *potential* threats to American freedom from *possible* state action are far greater in 1963 than they were in 1833 or 1913. The great apparatus of Federal power *could* be employed for evil ends as well as good ones, and the real possibility of resistance to centralized power has vanished. But what indications are there that our modern Leviathan is driven by totalitarian compulsions? One hundred and nine once jailed Communists, many now busy lecturing to liberal-arts colleges? Without suggesting that one can adopt a quantitative scale in matters of this sort, I would submit that any sober evaluation of the contribution of the national government to the improvement or the decline of civil liberty must conclude on the basis of the evidence to date with a decision in favor of Federal intervention.

Anyone who cherishes the ideals of individual freedom and justice can never relax his efforts to push forward the frontiers of liberty. But the historian of civil liberty in the United States (though himself a civil libertarian who realizes that history can grant no absolution) has the obligation to assert the relative proposition that the contemporary American, despite the existence of a huge centralized state, is today free to enjoy a range of personal liberty unknown to his ancestors.

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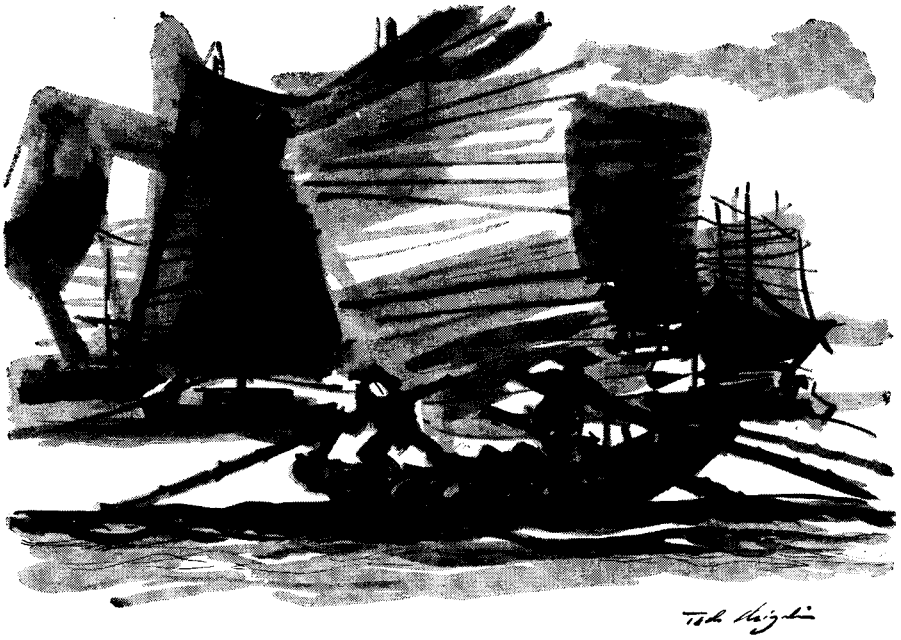

Refugee Reports On Red China

STANLEY KARNOW

HONG KONG

With a Chinese friend along as interpreter, I recently spent a week in Macao, interviewing refugees from Red China. We listened to peasants, schoolteachers, a factory mechanic from Shanghai, a Canton doctor, several students, an accountant from Nanking, a former Shanghai banker, and a rather surly young woman from Hainan Island who claimed to have been a minor Communist Party official.

Refugee accounts must be taken with a measure of skepticism. People naturally tend to embellish their narratives in order to amplify their own importance. Moreover, the person who may have risked his life to flee is not likely to be entirely objective about the country he has forsaken. In addition, the majority of refugees we saw came from Kwangtung Province, with a sprinkling of others mostly from coastal cities. Thus our sampling of Chinese was limited. Nevertheless, the experiences we heard gave more than a glimpse of life in China today.

For the most part, the refugees we questioned had not escaped from Communist tyranny but from Communist failure. The peasants were hungry. In going to Macao and hoping to get to Hong Kong, they were following the traditional path out of impoverished, overpopulated Kwangtung. Almost all the peasants and fishermen we saw had made it to the tiny Macao peninsula by sampan or junk, usually traveling by night to elude Communist gunboats. It was a surprise, however, to discover that so many people within the past year have been permitted to leave Communist China legally. Several of these were "overseas Chinese" from Hong Kong and Southeast Asia who, in bursts of patriotism, had gone to China and were later disillusioned. But an unusual number of native mainlanders were also allowed to emigrate. Of the twelve hundred or so persons who registered at the Catholic Welfare Center in Macao last autumn, for example, almost a thousand had come out of China with exit permits. Along with the easing of controls, elements of corruption seem to have crept into the granting of exit permits. Though nobody admitted to having participated in bribery, several people we questioned claimed that they had heard of Communist officials who would issue the necessary departure documents for a price. The price was enormous—seven hundred yuan, or roughly ten months' salary for a skilled worker.

THE FLOOD of refugees out of China last year, we found, did not coincide with the worst period of food shortages, but came later. In fact, conditions were actually improving somewhat at the time of the exodus. People fled because of an accumulation of past disasters and because, with controls relaxed, they had the opportunity.

Everyone we interviewed agreed that the lowest point was reached during the winter of 1960-1961. The Great Leap Forward of 1958 had left the country in chaos by 1959, aggravated the following year by bad weather. By late 1960, there was no meat, no fish, scarcely any vegetables, and rice rations were reduced. The refugees talked of having eaten wild herbs and using a rancid rice-bran oil, and a girl who had lived in Hupeh Province at the time said that peasants ate cottonseed cakes normally reserved for pigs. A young man from Canton described how raw rice was steamed twice so that the additional water would increase its weight and make the ration go further. Still, nobody we questioned had seen or heard of people starving, and a few of our refugees volunteered the comment that the Communists did a "fair and equitable" job of rationing.

During that 1960-1961 winter peasants streamed into the cities in search of food. Several witnesses testified to seeing beggars in the streets of Canton. A man from Nanking described how bewildered, hungry country folk wandered into the city's few "free" restaurants—patronized by army officers, party officials, and highly paid technicians—to steal scraps from the tables. "The police would drive them out of town," he recalled, "but they drifted back."

Though banned by the Communists, prostitution seems to have

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made a reappearance during the period of food scarcities. According to everyone we questioned, the 1960-1961 winter was also a time of widespread malnutrition and sickness. The diseases most frequently mentioned were hepatitis, tuberculosis, and edema.

Conditions have improved noticeably within the past year, our subjects agreed. Rations in the cities were increased. In Shanghai during 1961, for example, an office employee received thirty catties (forty pounds) of rice a month, but insufficient vegetables and no meat; now he would get twenty-four catties (thirty-two pounds) of grain, eight ounces of pork, one pound of fish, and adequate supplies of vegetables. The meat ration in Peking was recently raised from two to ten ounces a month, and cabbages have become so plentiful that whoever buys forty-four pounds of them is given an extra ration of flour.

A good deal of the flour being distributed in the coastal cities has been manufactured from Canadian and Australian wheat, on which Peking has so far spent almost $1 billion. Judging from our interviews, very few Chinese know that wheat is being imported. A man from Shanghai told us that the foreign flour is mixed with domestic flour of inferior quality and distributed to those with ration coupons.

The farms have always lagged behind the cities and still do, according to our informants. The Kwangtung diets described to us have improved over the past couple of years, but they still sound slim. One peasant said that in 1961 he received about five ounces of rice for each meal, and never any meat. Last year his rice ration was increased by two ounces for each meal, with some allocations of meat for New Year's Day and the Ching Ming festival, the Chinese equivalent of All Souls' Day. Though his allotment of rice has not increased appreciably of late, the peasant is now able to grow his own vegetables and buy some meat at "free" markets.

Getting information from frightened, puzzled, inarticulate peasants is extremely difficult. They answer questions with shy hesitation, possibly thinking that they are undergoing some sort of official interrogation. We posed the most elementary questions and received elementary answers. Piecing their responses together, we gathered that the recent harvests have improved. One group of peasants who had sailed with their wives and children down the Kwangtung coast to Macao in a stolen junk told a fairly typical story. The 1961 crop, brushed by a typhoon, had been so poor that their "production team"—a labor unit of about a hundred or more—had been obliged to borrow thirty three thousand pounds of rice from a state granary. The 1962 harvest had been superior, but the team would have to repay its loan, and there was no prospect of an improved rice ration.

No More Marching to the Fields

All the peasants concurred that the military-style days of the People's Communes no longer exist. There is no marching by platoon into the fields any more. One man from a village near Swatow explained that peasants learn of their collective duties from a bulletin board in the local square. A minor official is stationed at the board to read the assignments for those who are illiterate. "In our village," a Kwangtung peasant said, "the brigade leader blows an oxhorn to wake everyone up, and then he goes from house to house giving assignments for the day. People go to the fields individually, and when they finish their tasks they work on their private plots."

The small gardens distributed to peasants within the past year have contributed significantly toward ameliorating the food situation. Peasants are now able to raise vegetables for themselves or for sale at the government-sponsored free markets. In remote rural areas, peasants barter their produce with state agents for manufactured goods like towels, toothbrushes, combs, and soap. Peasants living near cities are luckier. They can carry their meat, fowl, and vegetables into town and sell them for cash.

This creeping capitalism is marred by a scarcity of consumer goods, which has created a small boom in the secondhand business. Used wrist watches, old sweaters, and slightly dented pots and pans have been in heavy demand, and other articles command outrageous prices. A nonrationed pack of cigarettes sells for four or five yuan, the week's wage of an unskilled worker. A stout coffin—the dream of every Chinese—costs three hundred yuan.

Various efforts are being made to regulate the amount of time peasants spend cultivating their own gardens. In some cases, this is done directly and crudely by party officials ordering the peasants to work more on collective land. Generally, however, the state tries to discourage private enterprise by exerting stricter controls over free-market activities. At several rural markets, "supervisors" have appeared to enforce fixed prices, and railroad police now limit the amount of produce peasants may carry into cities. Though peasants may still raise pigs in their spare time, they are, in many instances, required to sell them to government purchasing agents. The peasants must also pay sales taxes.

It appeared fairly plain to us that the Communists do not want to abolish the incentives that have contributed to increased food production. It is equally plain, however, that the "small freedoms" have met with such popularity that, Peking may feel, the Communist system itself is threatened. How to keep peasants under control and yet encourage them to work will be a continuing problem.

THE CITY PEOPLE we interviewed were unanimous in describing a general industrial slowdown. We heard of steel mills in Nanking and Canton being merged or closed, either for lack of raw materials and spare parts or because workers were sent to the countryside as farm laborers. An engineer formerly employed in a sewing-machine factory in Shanghai said that his plant, which normally employed some four thousand workers, had not operated at capacity since 1960 and was now only functioning half-time. For lack of raw cotton, Shanghai's textile mills are also running half-time, he said; of the city's four or five cigarette factories, he knew of only one currently in operation. "On the other hand," he said, "little repair shops are doing well, mending shoes, pots and pans, farm tools, and so

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forth. It's cheaper to fix what you have than to buy something new."

Within the past year or so a lively black market has burgeoned, especially in Kwangtung Province, where the proximity of Hong Kong makes for the availability of merchandise. Our knowledgeable source on these shadowy dealings was a young schoolteacher from the suburbs of Canton who could quote black-market prices for everything from hundredweights of rice to cigarette lighters, a status symbol among the bureaucracy. He was most bullish on Hong Kong currency. An estimated twenty-five per cent of the Hong Kong dollars in circulation are believed to be hoarded in South China.

In an effort to regulate the sale of manufactured merchandise in the cities, the government recently initiated a rationing system that bears some resemblance to American trading stamps. In China, it works backwards: citizens are awarded coupons on the strength of what they earn rather than what they spend. One coupon is issued for every ten yuan of salary. Thus an engineer earning one hundred yuan a month receives ten coupons. With fourteen coupons (and half of his monthly wage) he can buy a fairly durable pair of shoes. Having discarded the slogan "to each according to his needs," the Chinese Communists now seem to have adopted "to each according to his income." This control mechanism appears to have added confusion to daily life in China. As a Shanghai mechanic put it: "One day I put my hand into my pocket and pulled out twenty-three different kinds of ration coupons."

'What Kind of Big Brother?'

While almost all of the refugees we interviewed were unable or unwilling to discuss politics, a few city dwellers tried to overwhelm us with their political sophistication. An elderly man from Canton, for example, asked to be excused when we began our questioning. He returned next day to hand us a school notebook filled with a calendar of current events that might have been copied from *The World Almanac*. I think he was trying to convey to us that, despite his years of isolation, he was not Robinson Crusoe.

Similarly, a young medical student from Canton embarked upon a lengthy analysis of the international situation. He told us nothing of interest. But his lecture was fascinating because it revealed that, for all his insulation from the outside world, he had somehow managed to keep track of events; and it was delivered in such a tone of pedantic condescension that we felt like "honorable barbarians," generously being given the benefits of a special view from inside the Middle Kingdom, the center of the earth.

Between the extremes of utter ignorance and pseudo sophistication, some of our subjects provided small insights into political moods inside China. The former Shanghai banker, for instance, had discerned a slight but nonetheless significant easing of political pressures in 1962. It had previously required real courage to tune in foreign radio broadcasts, he said, recalling cases of children accusing their fathers of listening to anti-Communist propaganda. Now it is no longer dangerous to turn on the BBC or the Voice of America, whose programs, he said, are greatly appreciated.

Several urban refugees told us of the growing propaganda campaign against Khrushchev. At neighborhood political meetings, Khrushchev is openly depicted as the worst sort of villain.

In Nanking, a refugee reported, tickets to Soviet movies are no longer distributed as part of the political study curriculum. Many long-standing Chinese complaints against Moscow are being trotted out. "During the Korean War," a party official was quoted as saying at a meeting not long ago, "Chinese soldiers shed their blood while the Soviet Union merely lent us weapons for which they are demanding repayment. What kind of Big Brother is that?"

A Series of Little Irritations

One of the refugees, who was not interested in politics, escaped most of the rigors others encountered in China.

Ling Shao-lu was born forty years ago on Formosa, and emigrated to Japan when the Nationalists encamped there in 1950. He settled in Osaka as a hospital bookkeeper and married a Japanese girl. But in 1955, Ling recounted, he succumbed to Communist blandishments to emigrate to China. "We were told that the Nationalists discriminated against us on Formosa, but New China loved the Formosans and treated them well."

Along with about a hundred other Formosans, Ling and his wife disembarked at Tientsin, where for two months life was as delightful as advertised. They were given free room and board at a comfortable hotel, toured by bus around the vicinity, and shown factories, historic sites, and other tourist attractions. The only disagreeable interlude during this period was a two-week political seminar in which they were lectured on the theories of Marx,

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Lenin, and Mao Tse-tung. "I didn't understand a thing," Ling recalled. "The words passed into my ears and disappeared."

When the political course ended, party officials interrogated the new immigrants and assigned them to jobs in different cities. As he could use an abacus, Ling was made a clerk and dispatched to Nanking.

There, Ling and his wife were greeted by local officials and taken on tours of the city. After a fortnight, they were escorted to the Coal and Building Materials Company, the state enterprise where Ling was to work. It was an organization that distributed fuel, cement, bricks, and lumber to lesser state companies and factories throughout the province. As Ling remembers his arrival, "We were led to a conference room, and when we entered, about fifty or sixty people rose and applauded. The manager and the secretary shook my hand, and the manager made a short speech."

A few days later, Ling was given a desk and an abacus and instructed to prepare a financial statement from a ledger. The department chief solicitously told him to take his time —a day if necessary. But it was only a matter of adding up some figures, and Ling finished in an hour.

"So they gave me the newspaper to read, and for the next six months I really suffered. I completed every job in a fraction of the time they expected me to take, and when I asked for more work, they pressed newspapers on me. I complained so much that they finally gave me other tasks."

For the first year or so, life was not bad. But gradually, as he recalled, Ling began to be irritated by small things. Going to the office on Sunday, for example. "It was not compulsory, but you had to go to be considered a 'constructive worker,'" Ling said. "So instead of taking my wife and new baby to the park, I went to the office and read newspapers." Then there was the limit on water. "There was no lack of water," Ling explained, "but each family was only allowed one tub of water to wash clothes because this was part of the 'self-discipline' movement."

Ling's first real trouble developed from his penchant for good food. He and his wife considered themselves gourmets, and at least twice a week they treated themselves to extravagant dinners at a local restaurant. In fact, explained Ling proudly, they spent almost half their monthly income in restaurants.

"The political cadres at my company didn't like this. One day I went to the office to find wall posters reading: 'Ling has strong tastes for the capitalist-bourgeois way of life.' I retaliated by putting up a poster that said: 'What good is the revolution if one cannot live comfortably?'

"This led to a special political meeting, attended by the twenty employees of our accounting department. I was criticized for 'outright bourgeois living' and advised to admit that this criticism was accurate. I confessed that I had done

wrong, and the issue was dropped. Anyway, the cadres were busy preparing a big 'anti-rightist' campaign at the time, and I probably wasn't important enough to be included."

When the Great Leap Forward was launched, Ling recalled, everything in his company went askew. Shipments of coal and timber arrived when not needed, or failed to arrive when desperately needed. Valuable coke and iron ore were diverted to backyard furnaces to make "native steel." Meanwhile everyone was exhorted to work "harder and harder, faster and better."

From then on, Ling and wife resisted every rule they could. They refused to eat at mess halls ("so crowded you couldn't enjoy your meal"), and Ling decided not to work hard ("I deserved better treatment"). They sold the last of their Japanese clothes and what little jewelry they had left ("to the wives of rich cadres and army officers"), and purchased food on the black market. Conditions began to improve early last year, but, Ling said, "I had enough of China. My only thought was to return to Japan."

He made his way to Macao, and through contacts we met him the very evening he arrived. We immediately guided him to a restaurant and laid a six-course meal before him. "I haven't eaten like this for eight years," he said with only slight exaggeration.

OUR MOSAIC of interviews showed, to risk a generalization, that the temper of China today is *apathy*. The revolutionary momentum that built up through 1957 was accelerated, during the Great Leap Forward of 1958, to a speed that the ancient machiney of China could not tolerate. The pieces are now being picked up and, we gather, there is a general reluctance to try going so fast again. Adventures are to be avoided. "During the Indian border war," recounted a man from Peking, "people glumly followed the news at public bulletin boards. The only time they smiled was the day the cease-fire was announced."

Unhappy as the Chinese may be, it seems that their apathy is a factor precluding the possibility of popular revolt. Our refugees mentioned stories of scattered food riots and tales of daring anti-Communist escapades. By and large, however, the Chinese appear to be seeking a personal solution to their problems—to receive a remittance from abroad, connive for extra rations, market their produce, or, if feasible, get out.

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Black Is My Favorite Color

A Short Story

BERNARD MALAMUD

CHARITY SWEETNESS sits in the toilet eating her two hard-boiled eggs while I'm having my ham sandwich and coffee in the kitchen. That's how it goes, only don't get the idea of ghettos. If there's a ghetto I'm the one that's in it. She's my cleaning woman from Father Divine and comes in once a week to my three-room apartment on my day off from the liquor store. "Peace," she says, "Father reached on down and took me right up in Heaven." She's a small person, with a flat body, frizzy hair, and a quiet face, but the light shines out of it, and Mama had such eyes before she died. The first time Charity Sweetness came in to clean, a little more than a year and a half ago, I made the mistake to ask her to sit down at the kitchen table and have her lunch with me. I was still feeling not so hot after Ornita left, but I'm the kind of man —Nathan Lime, forty-four, a bachelor with a daily growing bald spot on the back of my head, and I ought to lose twenty pounds—who manages to enjoy company when he has it. So she cooked up two hard-boiled eggs for herself and sat down and took a small bite out of one, but then she got up and carried the eggs in a cup in the bathroom, and since then she eats there. I said to her more than once, "O.K., Charity Sweetness, have it your way, eat the eggs in the kitchen by yourself and I'll eat when you're done," but she smiles, absent-minded, and still eats in the toilet. It's my fate with colored people.

Although black is my favorite color you wouldn't know it from my luck except in short quantities, and also I do all right in the liquor-store business. That's in Harlem on Eighth Avenue between 110th and 111th. I speak with respect. A large part of my life I've had dealings with Negro people, most on a business basis but sometimes for friendly reasons with lots of genuine feeling on both sides, though nothing permanent ever came out of it. I'm drawn to them. At this time of my life I should have one or two good colored friends but the fault isn't necessarily mine. If they knew what was in my heart towards them. But how can you tell that to anybody nowadays? I've tried more than once, but the language of the heart is either a dead language or else nobody understands it the way you speak it. Very few. Maybe there are other reasons too. What I'm saying is, personally, for me there's only one human color and that's the color of blood. I like a black person if not because he's black, then because I'm white. It comes to the same thing. If I wasn't white my first choice would be black. I'm satisfied to be white because I have no other choice. I got an eye for color. I appreciate. Who wants everybody to be the same? Maybe it's like some kind of a talent. Nathan Lime might be a liquor dealer in Harlem, but once in the jungle in New Guinea, in the Second War, I got the idea when I shot at a running Jap and missed, that I had some kind of a talent, though maybe it's the kind where you have marvelous ideas but what do they come to? After all, it's a strange world.

WHERE Charity Sweetness eats her eggs makes me think about Buster Wilson when we were both boys in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn. There was this colored block of run-down dirty frame houses in the middle of a not so hot white neighborhood full of pushcarts. The Negro houses looked to me like they had been born and died there, dead all the way from the beginning of the world. I lived on the next street. My father was a cutter with arthritis in his hands, big red knuckles and swollen fingers, so he didn't cut, and my mother went to work. She sold paper bags from a pushcart in Ellery Street. We didn't starve but nobody ate chicken unless we were sick or it was. This was my first acquaintance with a lot of black people and I used to poke around on their poor block. I think I thought, brother, if there can be this, what can't there be? I mean I caught an early idea what life was about. Anyway, I met Buster there. He used to play marbles by himself. I sat on the curb across the street, watching him shoot one marble lefty and the other righty. The hand that won picked up the marbles. It wasn't much of a game but he never asked me to come over. My idea was to be friends, only he never encouraged, he discouraged. Why did I pick him out for a friend? Maybe because I had no others then; we were new in the neighborhood, from Manhattan. Also I liked his type. Buster did everything alone. He was skinny, what I mean skinny, and his older brothers' clothes hung on him like overgrown worn-out sacks. He was a beanpole boy, about twelve, and I was then ten. His arms and legs were matchsticks. He always wore a brown wool sweater, one arm half unraveled, the other down to his wrist. He had a long narrow head, with a white part cut straight in the short woolly hair, maybe with a ruler there, by his father, a barber, but too drunk to stay a barber. In those days though I had little myself, I was old enough to know who was better off, and the whole block of colored houses made me feel sad in the daylight. But I went there as much as I could because the street was alive. In the night it looked different; it's hard to tell a cripple in the dark. Sometimes I felt afraid to walk by the houses when they were dark and quiet. I was afraid there were people looking at me that I couldn't see. I liked it better when they had parties at night and everybody was having a good time. The musicians played with banjos and saxophones and the houses jumped. They jumped with music, laughing, lights, and excitement. The young girls, with pretty dresses, and ribbons in

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their hair, caught me in my throat when I saw them through the windows.

But with the parties came drinking and fights. Sundays could be bad days after the Saturday-night parties. I remember once that Buster's father, also long and loose, a man with a weak face, always wearing a dirty gray Homburg hat, chased another black man in the street with a half-inch chisel. The other man lost his shoe and when they wrestled on the ground he was already bleeding through his clothes, a thick red blood smearing the sidewalk. I was frightened by the blood and wanted to scoop it up and pour it back in the man who was bleeding from the chisel. On another time Buster's father was playing in a crap game—he had two big bouncy red dice—in the back of an alley between two middle houses, and about six men started fist-fighting there, then they ran out of the alley and hit each other in the street. The neighbors, including children, came out and watched, everybody afraid but nobody moving to do anything. I saw the same thing near my store in Harlem, years later, a big crowd watching two men in the street, their breaths hanging in the air on a winter night, murdering each other with switch knives, but nobody moved. I didn't either. Anyway, I was just a young kid but I can still remember how the cops drove up in a paddy wagon and broke up the fight by hitting everybody they could hit with big nightsticks. This was in the days before La Guardia.

Most of the fighters were knocked unconscious, only one or two got away. Buster's father started to run back in his house but a cop ran after him and cracked him on the Homburg hat with his club, right on the front porch. Then the Negroes were lifted up by the cops, one at the arms and one at the feet, and they heaved them in the paddy wagon. Buster's father hit the back of the wagon and fell, with his nose spouting bright blood, on top of three other men. I personally couldn't stand it, I was scared of the human race so I ran home, but I remember Buster watching without any expression in his eyes. I stole an extra fifteen cents from my mother's pocketbook and I ran back and asked Buster if he wanted to go to the movies. I would pay. He said yes. This was the first time he ever talked to me.

So we went to the movies. More than once. But we never were friends. Maybe because it was a one-way proposition—from me to him. Which includes my invitations to go with me, my (poor mother's) movie money, Hershey bars, slices of watermelon, even my best Frank Merriwell books that I spent hours picking up in junk shops, that he never gave me back. Once he let me in his house to get a match so we could smoke some butts we found, but it smelled so heavy, so impossible, I died till I got out of there. What I saw in the way of furniture I won't mention—the best were a few broken sticks. Maybe we went to the movies all together seven or eight matinees one spring and in the summertime, but when the shows were over he usually walked home by himself.

"Why don't you wait for me, Buster?" I said. "We're going in the same direction."

But he was walking ahead and didn't hear me. Anyway, he didn't answer.

One day when I wasn't expecting it he hit me in the teeth. I felt like crying but not because of the pain. I spit blood and said, "Why did you hit me for?"

"Because you a Jew bastard. Take your Jew movies an' your Jew candy an' shove them up your Jew hole."

And he ran away.

I thought to myself how was I to know he didn't like the movies? When I was a man I thought you can't force it.

Years later, in the prime of my life, I met Mrs. Ornita Harris. She was standing by herself at the bus stop, crosstown 110th, and I bent down and picked up her green glove that she had dropped on the sidewalk. It was a wet day in November. Before I could ask her was it hers, she grabbed the glove out of my hand and stepped in the bus. I got on after her.

I was annoyed so I said, "If you'll pardon me, Miss, there's no law that you have to say thanks but at least don't make a criminal out of me."

"Well, I'm sorry," she said, "but I don't like white men trying to do me favors."

I tipped my hat and that was that. In ten minutes I got off the bus but she was already gone.

Who expected to see her again? But I did. She came into my store about a week later and asked for a bottle of Scotch.

"I would offer you a discount," I told her, "but I know you don't like a certain kind of a favor and I'm not looking for a slap in the face."

Then she recognized me and got a little embarrassed.

"I'm sorry I misunderstood you that day."

"Mistakes happen."

The result was she took the discount. I gave her a dollar off.

She used to come in about every two weeks for a fifth of Haig and Haig. Sometimes I waited on her, sometimes my helpers, Jimmy or Mason, also colored, but I told them to give the discount. They both gave me a look, they were surprised, but I had nothing to be ashamed. In the spring when she came in we used to talk once in a while. She was a slim woman, dark but not the most dark, about thirty years I would say, also well built, with nice legs and a good-size bosom, a combination I have always liked. Her face was pretty, with big eyes and high cheekbones but lips a little thick and nose a little broad. Sometimes she didn't feel like talking; she paid for the bottle, less discount, and walked out. Her eyes were tired and I don't think she looked happy, not to me at least.

I found out her husband was once a window cleaner on the big buildings, but one day his safety belt broke and he fell fifteen stories. After that she worked as a manicurist in a Times Square barbershop. I told her I was a bachelor and lived with my mother in a three-room apartment on West Eighty-third near Broadway. My mother had cancer. Ornita said she was sorry.

One night in July we went out together. How it happened I'm still not sure. I guess I asked her and she didn't say no. Where do you go out with a Negro woman? We went to the Village. We had a good dinner and walked in Washington Square

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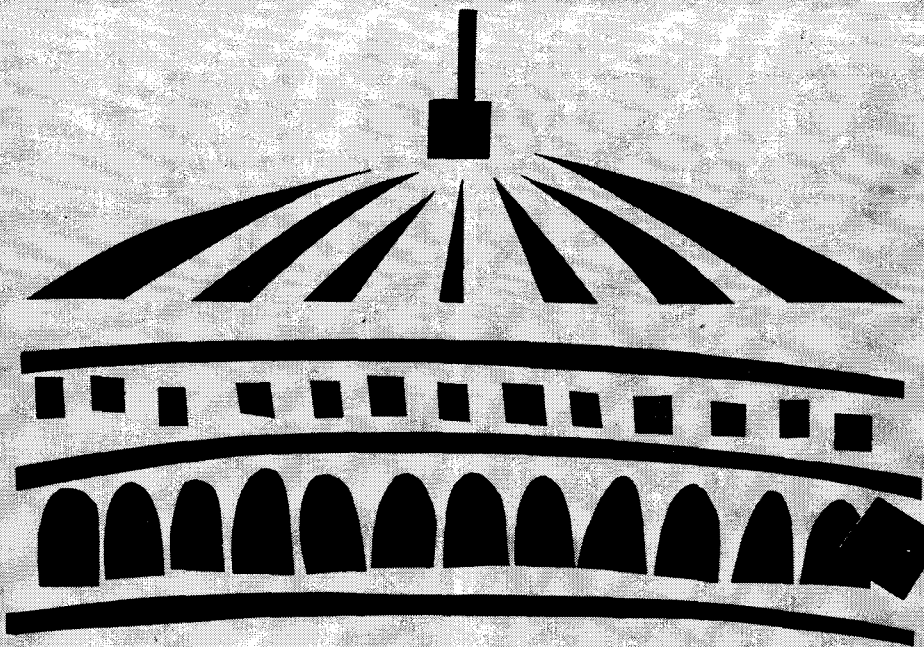

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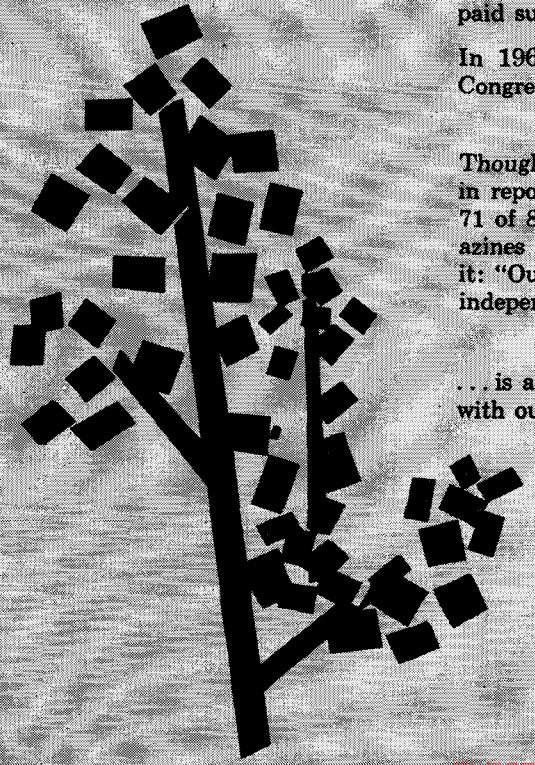

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THE REPORTER

Park. It was a hot night. Nobody was surprised when they saw us, nobody looked at us like we were against the law. If they looked, maybe they saw my new lightweight suit and my bald spot, and how pretty she was for a man of my type. We also went to a movie on West Eighth Street. For a minute I was afraid to go in but she wanted to see the picture. We went in like strangers and we came out like strangers. I wondered what was in her mind, and I thought to myself, whatever is in there it isn't a certain white man. All evening long we went together like we were chained. After the movie she wouldn't let me take her back to Harlem. When I put her in a taxi she said, "Why did we bother?" For the steak, I wanted to say. Instead I said, "You're worth the bother."

"Thanks anyway."

Kiddo, I thought to myself after the taxi left, you just had a taste of what's what; now forget her.

IT'S EASY to say. In August we went out once more. That was the night she wore a purple dress and I thought to myself, my God, what colors! Who paints that picture paints a masterpiece. Everybody looked at us but I took pleasure. That night when she took off her dress it was in a furnished room I had the sense to rent a few days before. With my sick mother there I couldn't ask her to come to my apartment, and she didn't want me to go home with her where she lived with her brother's family, on West 115th near Lenox Avenue. Under her purple dress she wore a black slip and when she took that off she had white underwear. When she took off the white underwear she was black again. But I knew where the next white was, if we have to call it white, and that was the night I think I fell in love with her, the first time in my life, though I have liked one or two nice girls I used to go with when I was a boy. It was a serious proposition. I'm the kind of a man when I think of love I'm thinking of marriage. I guess that's the main reason I'm a bachelor.

That same week I had a holdup in my place, two big men—both black—with revolvers. One got excited when I rang open the cash register so he could take whatever he wanted, and he hit me over the ear with his gun. I stayed in the hospital a couple of weeks. Otherwise I was insured. Ornita came to see me. She sat on a chair without talking much. Finally I saw she was uncomfortable so I suggested she ought to go home.

"I'm sorry it happened," she said.

"It wasn't your fault."

When I got out of the hospital my mother was dead. She was a wonderful person. My father died when I was thirteen and all by herself she kept the family alive and together. I sat shive for a week and remembered how she had sold paper bags on her pushcart. I remembered her life and what she tried to teach me. Nathan, she said, if you ever forget you're a Jew a goy will remind you. Mama, I said, rest in peace on this subject. But if I do something you don't like, remember, on earth it's harder than where you are. Then when my week of mourning was finished, one night I said, "Ornita, let's get married. We're both honest people and if you love me like I love you it won't be such a bad time. If you don't like New York I'll sell out here and we'll move someplace else. Maybe to San Francisco where nobody knows us. I was there for a week in the Second War and I saw white and colored living together."

"Nathan," she answered me, "I like you but I'd be afraid. My husband woulda killed me."

"Your husband is dead."

"Not in my memory."

"In that case I'll wait."

"Do you know what it'd be like—I mean the life we could expect?"

"Ornita," I said, "I'm the kind of man, if he picks his own way of life he's satisfied."

"What about children? Were you looking forward to half-Jewish polka dots?"

"I was looking forward to children."

"I can't," she said.

Can't is can't. I saw she was afraid and the best thing was not to push. Sometimes when we met, she was so nervous that whatever we did she couldn't enjoy it. At the same time I still thought I had a chance. We were together more and more. I got rid of the furnished room and she came to my apartment—I gave away Mama's bed and bought a new one. She stayed with me all day on Sundays. When she wasn't so nervous she was affectionate, and if I know what love is, I had it. We went out a couple of times a week, the same way—usually I met her in Times Square and sent her home in a taxi, but I talked more about marriage and she talked less against it. One night she told me she was still trying to convince herself but she was almost convinced. I took an inventory of my liquor stock so I could put the store up for sale.

ORNITA knew what I was doing. One day she quit her job, the next she took it back. She also went away a week to visit her sister in Philadelphia for a little rest. She came back tired but said maybe. Maybe is maybe so I'll wait. The way she said it, it was closer to yes. That was the winter two years ago. When she was in Philadelphia I called up a friend of mine from the Army, now a CPA, and told him I would appreciate an invitation for an evening. He knew why. His wife said yes right away. When Ornita came back we went there. The wife made a fine dinner. It wasn't a bad time and they told us to come more often. Ornita had a few drinks, she looked relaxed, also wonderful. Later, because of a twenty-four-hour taxi strike I had to take her home on the subway. When we got to the 116th Street station she told me to stay on the train and she would walk the couple blocks to her house. I didn't like a woman walking alone on the streets at that time of the night. She said she never had any trouble but I insisted nothing doing. I said I would walk to her stoop with her and when she went upstairs I would go back to the subway.

On the way there, on 115th in the middle of the block before Lenox, we were stopped by three men—maybe they were boys. One had a black hat with a half-inch brim, one a green cloth hat, and the third wore a black leather cap. The green hat wore a short coat and the other two had long ones. It was under a street lamp, a surprise to me, but the one with the leather cap snapped a six-inch switchblade open right in the light.

"What you doin' with this white son of a bitch?" he said to Ornita.

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Teddy left more of America to you

He spoke front-page headlines . . . hunted buffalo . . . led his Roughriders in battle . . . sometimes shook a big stick, and sometimes spoke softly. But perhaps Teddy Roosevelt's best gift to you was his efficient leadership in the conservation and development of America's natural resources. His policies paved the way for the electrification of vast and lonely reaches of countryside.

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"I'm minding my business," she answered him, "and I wish you would too."

"Boys," I said, "we're all brothers. I'm a reliable merchant in the neighborhood. This young lady is my dear friend. We don't want any trouble. Please let us pass."

"You talk like a Jew landlord," said the green hat. "Fifty a week for a single room."

"An' no charge fo' the rats," said half-inch brim.

"Believe me, I'm not a landlord. My store is 'Nathan's Liquors,' between 110th and 111th. I have two colored clerks, Mason and Jimmy, and they will tell you I pay good wages as well as I give discounts to certain customers."

"Shut your mouth, Jewboy," said the leather cap, and he moved the knife back and forth in front of my coat button. "No more black pussy for you."

"Speak with respect about this lady, please.

I got slapped on my mouth.

"That ain't no lady," said the long face in the half-inch brim, "that's black pussy. She deserve to have evvy bit of her hair shave off. How you like to have evvy bit of you hair shave, black pussy?"

"Please leave me and this gentleman alone or I'm gonna scream long and loud. That's my house three doors down."

They slapped her. I never heard such a scream before. Like her husband was falling fifteen stories.

I hit the one that slapped her and the next I knew I was laying in the gutter with a lump on my head. I thought, good-by, Nathan, they'll stab me for sure, but all they did was take my wallet and run in three different directions.

Ornita walked back to the subway with me and she wouldn't let me go home with her again.

"Just get home safely."

She looked terrible. Her face was gray and I still remembered the scream. I felt bad for leaving her but what could I do?

We had a date downtown the next night but she didn't show up, the first time.

In the morning I called her in her place of business.

"For God's sake, Ornita, if we were married and moved away we wouldn't have that kind of trouble that we had. We wouldn't come in that neighborhood any more."

"Yes, we would, I have my family there. And I don't want to move away. The truth of it is I can't marry you, Nathan. I got trouble enough of my own."

"I coulda sworn you love me."

"Maybe I do but I can't marry you."

"For God's sake, why?"

"I got trouble enough of my own."

I went that night in a cab to her brother's house to see her. He was a quiet man with a light mustache. "She's gone," he said, "left for a long visit to some close relatives in the South. She said to tell you she appreciate your kind intentions but didn't think it will work out."

"Thank you kindly," I said.

Don't ask me how I got home.

Once on Eighth Avenue, a few blocks from my store, I saw a blind man with a white cane tapping on the sidewalk. I figured we were going in the same direction so I took his arm.

"I can tell you're white," he said.

A heavy colored woman with a full shopping bag rushed after us.

"Never mind," she said to me, "I know where he lives."

She pushed me aside with her shoulder and I hurt my leg against the fire hydrant.

That's how it is. I give my heart and they kick me in the teeth.

"Charity Sweetness—you hear me? —come out of that goddamn toilet!"

Revolt of the Brasses

FRED GRUNFELD

THERE was a lot of trouble in Zurich not long ago when the local symphony orchestra had its feelings hurt. It seems that guest conductor Otto Klemperer got so excited during a rehearsal that, *molto agitato,* he used intemperate language.

His remarks sounded so dissonant to the sensitive ears of the orchestra members that they promptly served notice on both the opera house and the symphony society that they would never play for Dr. Klemperer again. This is tantamount to mutiny, but they could afford to take a defiant tone because they enjoy that greatest of Swiss desiderata, *eine gesicherte Stellung*—a permanent position, as secure as a job in the post office.

The conductor then announced, *allegro furioso,* that he would cheerfully refrain from having anything more to do with the Zurich orchestra. Whereupon Professor Rafael Kubelik, who was next on the guest schedule, demonstrated his solidarity by threatening to cancel his engagement, *prestissimo,* unless the orchestra apologized, which it didn't. In a widely published open letter he also asked his colleagues to boycott the insurgents lest other orchestras be encouraged to take the baton into their own hands. Shortly afterwards the opera director, Dr. Herbert Graf, tendered his resignation in an understandable fit of pique.

To underscore the gravity of the situation and to win the public sympathy, the insurgents called a press conference at which their spokesman read a neatly typed list of all the epithets they had been subjected to, including the High German equivalents of nincompoop, dunderhead, and blatherskite. Dr. Klemperer had even intimated, at one point, that their playing was not up to snuff.

These were shocking revelations. Yet some of the older, casehardened music critics could recall—even a bit wistfully—a bygone era when conductors were obliged to be ill-tempered. Only metronomes, in those days, would beat time without flying off the handle. "Dictators of the baton," as the newspapers called them, had to be adept at hurling Jovian thunderbolts from that little piece of Parnassus which mortals called a podium. Most of them, once their professional fury was aroused, could make string men quake and

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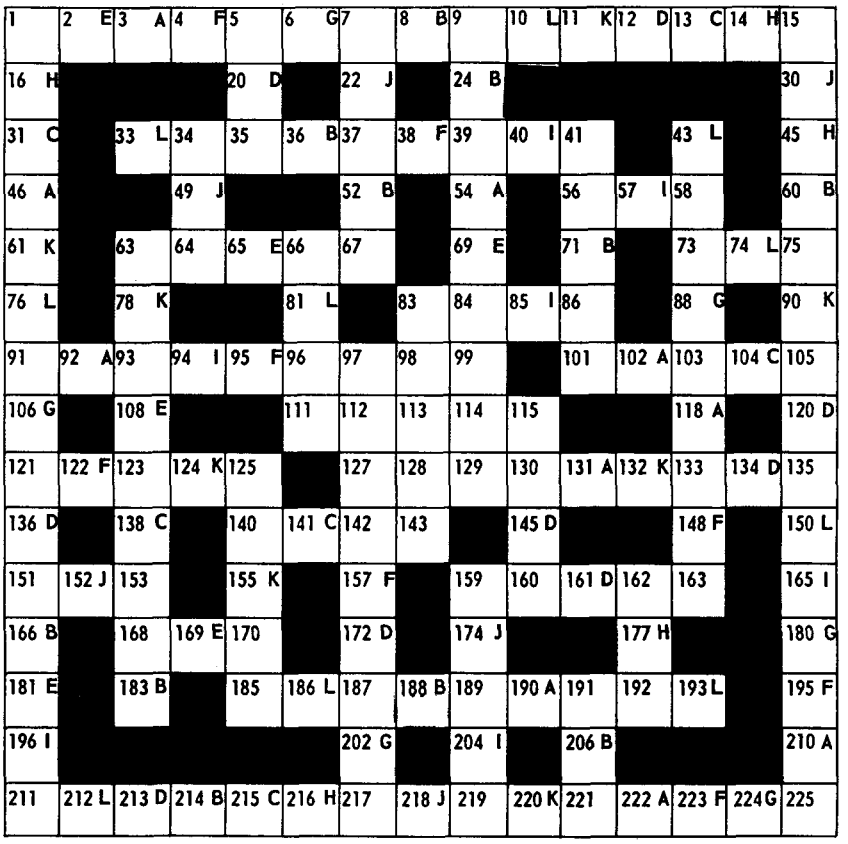
THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler No. 82

by HENRY ALLEN



DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.

A. 210 190 54 102 131 92 118 222 3 46 "Through delicatest ether ___ soft their solitary beat." Coventry Patmore, "To the Unknown Eros."

B. 24 206 214 8 36 183 71 60 166 52 188 To press into service.

C. 13 104 141 215 31 138 "And sang it all day long, /_____ beneath, above." Robert Bridges, "I Made Another Song."

D. 120 134 161 20 145 12 136 172 213 Residents of a country.

E. 108 181 65 69 2 169 Kneel and touch the forehead to the ground.

F. 4 95 223 38 148 122 195 157 Implements for flipping flapjacks.

G. 6 224 180 106 88 202 Senator from the 50th state.

H. 45 216 177 16 14 Scottish painter, 1825–1904.

I. 57 204 165 94 40 85 196 A hinged or pivoted control flap on an airplane.

J. 49 22 30 152 218 174 Sound of a titter (3-3).

K. 61 11 78 90 124 220 155 132 One of two or more persons sharing lodgings.

L. 76 10 193 186 33 212 81 150 74 43 A member of the staff of a general officer (4-2-4).

ACROSS

1. Long walks lead to North Carolina situation lost.
33. Digs up the past perhaps or insisted on doing so.
56. Raw as hell.
63. Might we be poor but loveless?
73. I'm a French friend.
83. Soot and fog and a thousand for a foot.
91. Call up or what you use to do so.
101. A cubic measure for kine, we hear.
111. One's five kilns.
121. All, to a degree, agree it's a beast of burden.
127. Jack's order to Mrs. Sprat in Efate, that tropical resort (3,3,3).
140. A stopper in Eire.
151. A hot conjunction (var. sp.).
159. If Jack obeyed 127 it might prove this and would if he gave it to Al.
168. A digit in the last word.
185. The deer about to come in did so again.
211. Long words that please in a squid's complexity.

DOWN

1. A Latian court song of best wishes.
5. Contraction and it's a verbal one.
7. Alternative to x which is noted for being even in its ways.
9. The doctor's therapy or special favor planned?
15. Total meanness if used to describe overemotional Americans (11,4).
34. General Otis when suffering reverse and beheaded still won victory at the Yalu.
41. Gulps down long drinks.
43. Fury gets paler when beseeching.
63. Decorative pattern that provides a woman's marriage portions after a dance (5,4).
66. Make a high-low discard in bridge for the girl who loved Narcissus.
83. Only a snake could make such a low person.
97. Fail to get up on time to see the plover.
115. Portico to a temple in the approaches to Athens.
125. The Acrostician is one.
159. It fed before on something having an offensive smell.
162. An honor for a star.
191. A measure of reluctance, but not a real one?

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give the brasses a permanent case of *Flatterzunge*.

While the cult of irascibility was at its height, *Life* magazine solemnly assured its readers that with Toscanini, "even the most towering tantrum has a musical purpose." Winthrop Sargeant, a critic who is notoriously hard to please, wrote a glowing account of a typical Toscanini outburst: "The baton, whipping furiously, comes in contact with the music stand and is broken off short. He discards it and, trembling with rage, selects another from the supply he always keeps on hand. Still unappeased, he deliberately snaps the baton in half between his fingers, throws the pieces into the orchestra pit and kicks over the stand. After that anything may happen . . ."

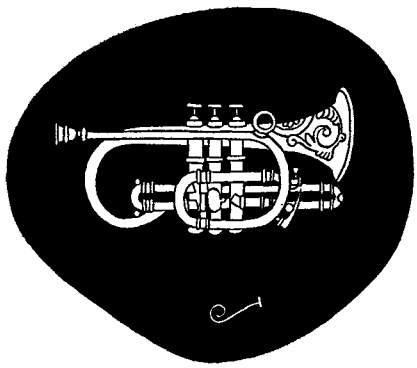
The men in the orchestra were never heard to complain—perhaps because, as it turned out, they didn't have a *gesicherte Stellung*. But in any case the day of the fire-eaters is past, and incidents like the Zurich revolt lead to the inescapable conclusion that the art of conducting is entering a new, egalitarian phase.

From the players' standpoint a change was long overdue, for theirs is the last of the truly downtrodden occupations. Confined to stuffy, windowless concert halls, they must bow and scrape on fiddles, or blow themselves breathless on horns that have not been substantially improved since the eighteenth century—and always subject to the whims and crotchets of an autocrat in evening clothes. Though they may muster majorities of a hundred to one, their very numbers condemn them to anonymity. And to play in an orchestra means sacrificing their childhood dreams, the hope they all cherished of becoming a soloist. As William Blake put it, "Every harpist was a virgin once."

The feudal conditions that prevail in an orchestra—intolerable in any other industry—are not even justified by ancient precedents. The divine right of conductors is a doctrine introduced about a hundred years ago. The original orchestral conductors were modest little men who sat at the keyboard of a harpsichord, waved their arms, shook their wigs, and occasionally filled in some well-tempered chords in the bass. They beat time with their bare hands or with a roll of manuscript paper. Only Jean Baptiste Lully, the favorite of Louis XIV, used a baton —an enormous hardwood wand of office, like a pikestaff, with which he rapped out a beat on the polished parquet of Versailles. History records that on January 8, 1687, when Lully was fifty-three, he accidentally struck his foot with this baton while leading a *Te Deum* celebrating the king's recovery from a serious illness. An abscess developed, there were complications, and Lully died in his house on the Rue de la Ville-l'Evêque on March 22, a martyr to music.

A German Romantic, Louis Spohr, claimed credit for developing the lightweight safety baton that can describe graceful arcs in the air or splinter dramatically on impact with a music stand. But despite such technical advances, conducting remained a casual affair for many years. In the course of his famous Gewandhaus concerts in Leipzig, Felix Mendelssohn often let the orchestra play on by itself, "and would lay down his Bâton upon the desk, and cease to beat Time for many bars together, listening intently to the performance, and only resuming his active functions when his instinct told him his assistance would presently be needed."

Berlioz, the first virtuoso conductor, sowed the whirlwind in the orchestra. Since he didn't play the piano—having studied flute and guitar—he never fell into the pernicious habit



of regarding the orchestra as a kind of outsize piano or expanded string quartet. For Berlioz an orchestra was an instrument of passion, and he wielded his baton like a Saracen blade. "A conductor has a life unknown to the virtuoso," he wrote to his friend Liszt. "With what savage joy he abandons himself to the pleasures of *playing on the orchestra!* How he seizes, how he embraces, how he sways that immense, magical instrument! His eye sees everything; his attention is everywhere; with a glance he signals voices and instruments when to enter; up, down, to the right, to the left, with his arms he flings forth terrible chords that burst in the distance like harmonic projectiles . . . Then, when it's all over, his joy is intensified a hundredfold, since it is shared by the gratified self-love of his entire army."

Hans von Bülow, who added to the glamor and to the hazards of the profession by insisting on conducting from memory, launched the era of the great podium poseurs. To make certain that the audience appreciated his feats of memory, he might lean down from the stage in the middle of a concert and hand the score to a friend in the audience. Mahler, as a young conductor, was once the embarrassed recipient of Bülow's extravagant attentions. "I sit in the first row," he complained to a colleague. "Bülow smiles at me coquettishly whenever we come to a beautiful passage. He passes me the scores of unfamiliar works so that I can read along during the performance. He bows deeply as soon as he catches sight of me. Sometimes he speaks to me from the podium . . ."

In the interests of equality and fraternity it was inevitably proposed that the office of conductor be abolished. This utopian solution was actually tried in Russia after the revolution by the Persymfans of Moscow—the first conductorless orchestra. "They managed splendidly with difficult programs," wrote Prokofiev after hearing them play a concert of his works in 1927. "They accompanied soloists as well as any conducted ensemble. Their main problem was changing tempo, for then the whole orchestra had to feel the music in exactly the same way. Still, they overcame difficulties very easily because each individual musician felt himself a soloist and played with perfect precision."

The present rather delicate balance of power between orchestras and conductors is certain to be affected by stiffening resistance among the composers—a third force in the

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conflict, whose natural aspirations have long been ignored, though they have always supplied the raw material on which symphonic life depends. In recent years, most composers have refused to support the traditional structure of the symphony orchestra, and they express their dissatisfaction by writing scores for sixteen glockenspiels, Chevrolet brake drum, and sousaphone. Others have composed directly on magnetic tape, threatening both musicians and conductors with technological unemployment.

The air of friendliness and tweedy charm cultivated by today's younger conductors smacks more of the college president or the museum director than of the old tyrants of the *Taktstock*. Though still receptive to father figures, the public has learned the distinction between a podium and a pedestal. The conductor of the venerable New York Philharmonic, for example, is known to everybody, and even referred to in print, by his nickname—a thing undreamed of in the days of Eddie Elgar or Dick Strauss. So many extracurricular activities now breed familiarity: music appreciation lectures, children's concerts, outdoor programs, tea and trumpets, Ladies' Day, television—and conductors are always being photographed in sweat shirts at recording sessions. In short, most of the mystery has gone out of the profession. But there will always be moments when conductors can abandon themselves to the pleasures of playing on the orchestra; when, as Berlioz said, "a man can forget the public altogether, listening to himself, judging himself, and be touched by the emotions that are shared by the artists around him." One such rare moment was accidentally caught on records in the days of the old wax masters, before tape could erase the enchantment of a passing fancy. It occurs on Sir Thomas Beecham's 78-rpm disk of the "Queen Mab Scherzo" by that selfsame Berlioz. The last note dies away, but because the engineers had not yet turned off the microphone, they preserved the six magic words guaranteed to quell an insurrection in any orchestra. Sir Thomas whispers them in awed tones, and with such obvious pleasure: "Thank you, gentlemen, that was beautiful!"

Sarajevo

In the summer, when the Archduke dies
Past the year's height, after the burning wheel
Steadies and plunges down the mountainside,
The days' succession fails from one to one
Still great as kings, whose shock troops in the field
Begin to burnish their green shoots to gold.

That undeclared war always takes the field
In the summer, when the Archduke dies,
And the blind spills buried beneath the wheel
Are risen, spears bespoken through earth's side
To sacrifice their fast and turning gold
In ransom for the blood of all in one.

Now that blood will be redeemed for gold
Eagle and crown aglitter in the wheel.
In the summer, when the Archduke dies,
Europe divides and fuses, side and side
Ranging the human filings on the field
Of force, held by the magnet, not yet one.

Still empty of its food the battlefield
Waits on the harvest and the great wain's wheel,
The vessels wait at hearth and harborside.
In the summer, when the Archduke dies,
Fate and the fortune of the game are one,
The green time turns to a heavy red, to gold.

And now responsible men on either side
Acknowledge their allegiance to the One
God of battles whose name is writ in gold,
The same whose coin, that cruelly blazing wheel,
In the summer, when the Archduke dies,
Buys earth as though it were a peasant's field.

The wildly streaming past now falls to one
Plunge on the oldest number of the wheel,
The zero twice redeemed in suicide,
Last blood sport of the green civilian field
Where the old world's sun went down in gold
In the summer when the Archduke died.

—HOWARD NEMEROV

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BOOKS

A Failure, a New Beginning

FRED M. HECHINGER

WHERE, WHEN, AND WHY, by Martin Mayer. *Harper & Row. $3.95.*

In the thirties the most influential educators were apparently convinced that children could understand only what they could touch, maul, and kick around. Mathematics had to be rung up on the cash register. History mattered only if it could be linked with the voting booth. Geography extended only to the co-operative survey of Main Street. It was in those days that "citizenship education" was born—a form of instruction that seemed to approach history, geography, economics, and government in a manner comparable to the relationship between driver education and the mechanics of the internal-combustion engine.

It is an incontestably sound idea that in a democracy with a mass education system the young adult who emerges from the classroom should be a conscientious citizen and an intelligent voter. But the conclusion that the social sciences must therefore be specifically devoted to the teaching of the "skills" of citizenship was a dangerous non sequitur. The thirties were the heyday of projects and field trips. They marked the beginning, too, of the mock event—League of Nations, Congress, City Hall, etc. But while the mock session or convention may be a valuable teaching aid for superficial procedures, it does not really teach government or even convey an accurate understanding of political conflict, creating, as it does, an impression that the "open covenant" or goldfish-bowl aspect of public and political life is the real moving force.

Coupled with the learning-by-doing concept of instant citizenship was a much sounder educational trend—the search for a less fragmented, more logically integrated curriculum. Critical observers of past classroom procedures were justifiably unhappy when they found teachers of history, geography, economics, and other subjects all pursuing their studies and teaching in provincial isolation. The reformers therefore prescribed what appeared to be an entirely sensible remedy: to merge the various separate disciplines into a single one, the social studies.

Properly implemented, the move could easily have become one of the genuine triumphs of American educational experimentation. But by now it is obvious that the what-might-have-been never came to pass. Otherwise today there would not be an army of alphabetical committees and task forces trying to separate the social studies. Nor would one of America's most perceptive reporters on education, Martin Mayer, have undertaken this examination of the social studies in American schools.

What went wrong was mainly the result of a basic fallacy. If teachers, *after* having studied history, economics, geography, government (and probably anthropology, sociology, and psychology as well), could then have joined forces to present to pupils a series of interrelated rather than separate courses, it might have been a great advance. But instead of social studies being created out of the disciplined knowledge of the teachers, the new subject emerged as a whole, taught by teachers who were not adequately trained in the parts. And the synthetic subject was prepared largely by the disciples of the other reform—citizenship education.

MUCH OF THIS becomes clear in the classroom descriptions in Mr. Mayer's book, another demonstration that an eyewitness report on good or bad teaching practices gets to the heart of an educational problem faster than a debate on theories. Mr. Mayer's observation of social studies teaching confirmed some of the worst criticisms made by others of the field in the past five years. He found many textbooks used throughout the country "quite poor and quite similar to each other." Books for the first eight grades, he reports, "are uniformly dull and without focus, often inaccurate, almost always misleading." Much worse, however, is the fact that about half of all high-school social studies teachers did not major in either history or a legitimate social science in college. In Louisville, Mr. Mayer found, more than half of the social studies courses in the high schools are taught by athletic coaches. This reflects the national picture: the coach is more likely to teach social studies than any other academic subject. (Mr. Mayer adds that, considering the handicap of little scholarly preparation, many of the coaches are less to be criticized than some of the people who have prepared themselves by "taking credits" in social studies.)

World history, a favorite ingredient of the conglomeration, is "impossible as a subject for serious study," according to Mr. Mayer. Since those who teach it have, at best, a background in European history but not in any study of Asia, Africa, and Latin America, the subject is, in the words of one teacher, usually presented as if "from the deck of a gunboat." Serious economics teaching has almost entirely disappeared, which under the circumstances is probably just as well since recent surveys estimate that only about ten per cent of all those who teach economics in the nation's schools below college level have themselves had the benefit of a college course in the field. As for geography, an astonishing amount of it is confined to the home state, the neighborhood, and the community.

The failings of the social studies curriculum have been amply documented before. Mr. Mayer adds little more than additional evidence in a proven case, plus some academic gossip. We get to the meat of the story only toward the end, when he reminds us that the pressure for improvements is largely a by-product of the highly successful reforms of science and mathematics teaching;

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The fine art of non-fiction

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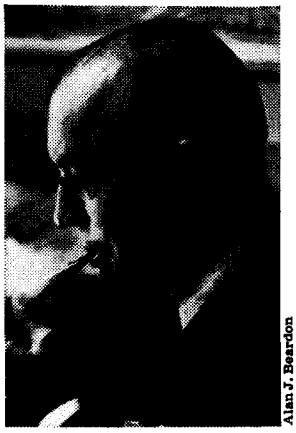
Alan J. Reardon

Today we face *one* Castro; how many tomorrow? No American is better qualified to appraise this question than ***Milton S. Eisenhower,*** who served throughout the eight years of his brother's administration as Special Ambassador and Personal Representative to Latin America. Now, in his just-published book, THE WINE IS BITTER, he makes public for the first time important facts about the Alliance For Progress and the Tractors For Freedom controversy. Dr. Eisenhower records past misunderstandings and recent progress, and candidly evaluates the several potential Castros who threaten to dominate the inevitable revolutions to come. THE WINE IS BITTER is articulate as well as knowledgeable — a book of history, warning, and constructive suggestion. $4.95

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We call it a "cold war" — but it's remarkably *hot* in Laos, Viet Nam, and all the battlegrounds for the kind of fighting ***James Eliot Cross*** analyzes in CONFLICT IN THE SHADOWS: *The Nature and Politics of Guerrilla War.* The *Washington Post* calls it "a model of forthrightness and clarity," and comments: "One can only wish that [it] will be read with great attention in high places. To listen to this eloquent message now may save Washington a good deal of blood, money, and agonizing reappraising later." *With a Foreword by Stewart Alsop.* $3.95

In 1954, when THE HEAD AND HEART OF THOMAS JEFFERSON was first published, Charles Poore of the *N. Y. Times* immediately hailed it as ***"John Dos Passos'*** best work since his trilogy, *U.S.A."* And Allan Nevins called it "the best extant popular introduction to the eighteenth-century career of Thomas Jefferson." Out of print for some years, and now fortuitously reissued, Mr. Dos Passos' book is once more revealed as a strikingly different biography, which does not *set* the scene so much as it places the reader *in* it. As Max Eastman put it: "Jefferson's mind and heart are so livingly related to our problems today, that the result seems hardly to be history!" $5.95

George Cserna

from Doubleday

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the crucial question is how the social studies can profit from their example.

The methods used in the science reforms—close co-operation between schoolteachers and university scholar-teachers and a trial-and-error process of revision at all levels—hold great promise for the reform of the social studies as well, Mr. Mayer rightly suggests. One hopeful sign is the offer by a few of the leading science reformers to help translate their experience into the social science field. And Mr. Mayer is justified in his criticism of some economists and others who appear to feel that the job can be done in academic isolation from the problems of bad teaching and badly prepared teachers. Whatever reforms are attempted, they must help to produce the kind of basic, easily applicable materials—books, films, kinescopes, etc.—which, with a simultaneous retraining of teachers, can be made "teacher-proof," a phrase used widely among the mathematics reformers.

MR. MAYER cites three major obstacles to reforming the social studies: the reluctance of scholars to devote time to the problem; the lack of educational sophistication among politically sensitive school superintendents and principals, who may join successful reforms but won't start them; and the "total inadequacy of teacher preparation."

These are formidable obstacles. But it seems to me that a more serious roadblock to quick and effective social studies reform is the difficulty of getting scholars in these fields to agree on basic concepts and priorities. This is probably as it should be. It *ought* to be harder for two historians to come to an understanding about first things in the curriculum than it is for two physicists or mathematicians. In fact, it may have to be conceded that no really acceptable common curriculum can or should be worked out in the social studies. There are too many ideological differences and too many legitimately clashing interpretations for scholars and teachers to come to any intellectually valid consensus.

One approach that conceivably might satisfy the different schools of thought would be to acquaint students with all sides of controversial questions and let them form their own judgments. Once such a method were accepted, it might become easier to reach agreement on broad areas of coverage in a subject, and to retrain teachers so as to give them competence in those areas.

As these reforms get under way, one must hope that just because ignorance and intellectual softness made a mishmash of social studies the valid elements in the earlier reform movement will not be abandoned. The danger of counter-revolutions is that they blindly erase the good with the bad. Little will be accomplished by merely fragmenting the social sciences anew. If it is too much to expect that enough teachers can be trained to be at home in all the related fields and disciplines, then perhaps today's gingerly experiments with team teaching might offer a clue. With a team that includes a historian, an economist, and perhaps a teacher of literature—to cite only one possible combination—the original aim of integrating inquiry and knowledge may actually have a chance. For a discussion of current events or even of problems of democracy need not be the kind of pooling of ignorance to which Mr. Mayer quite properly objects.

PROBABLY the most basic need, if American public education is truly to be improved, is for a long look at the entire stretch of available time—from kindergarten through high school. A great deal of repetition can be eliminated. But that is not enough. The question must be asked, for example, whether pedagogy really demands that first-grade social studies (or whatever label replaces it) must begin with the familiar—the neighborhood. There is much evidence that childish imaginations not only can but would prefer to cope with, say, ancient mythology as a starting point. Whatever the specific answers, the example is suggested only to show that the future curriculum must bring about cohesion not just by scrambling a few disciplines but by mapping out a meaningful advance through the human past into a future which, though not predictable, must be influenced by educated men.

A Village Anarchist

NAT HENTOFF

THE SOCIETY I LIVE IN IS MINE, by Paul Goodman. *Horizon Press. $3.95.*

At fifty-two, Paul Goodman is in vogue, particularly among the young. He enjoys writing novels and poems, but it is as a social critic that he has acquired his largest audience—an audience multiplied during the past three years by his lectures at some fifty colleges. Goodman describes himself as a "community anarchist." He maintains that "sovereign power must be diminished, because it is too dangerous to live with." Accordingly, he expends much of his prodigious energy in suggesting ways "to multiply sources of initiative and experiment" in areas ranging from disarmament to education. (Goodman is a member of local School Boards 6 and 8 in Manhattan.)

He does not limit himself to books and lectures in his attempts to "influence the general consensus." He is a ubiquitous polemicist, appearing in a wide variety of publications, including his neighborhood newspaper. Not even this frequency of printed dissent meets his needs. He is also a persistent letter writer to publications and to public officials. In *The Society I Live In Is Mine,* Goodman has collected some of the more provocative of these letters from the past few years as well as a few speeches and book reviews "that are very like angry letters." He also tells what result, if any, followed the discharge of each missive. The primary purpose of the collection is to urge by example that more of the populace become "authentic citizens, alert, concerned, intervening, deciding, on all issues and at all levels."

The book has some value for its distillation of many of Goodman's central ideas, but its major appeal is as entertainment, and I do not use the term pejoratively. However one may disagree with Goodman's theories, it is invigorating to attend his indignant, sardonic, and often devastatingly accurate assaults on

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specific examples of obtuseness in the culture. He describes, for instance, a network television show for preschool children whose directress "was in a tightly controlled panic lest anything spontaneous occur" and thereby not give her enough time to read all the commercials. When his son, a student at the Bronx High School of Science, was suspended for having refused to cooperate in shelter drills, Goodman pointed out to a member of the Board of Education that "The form of one such drill was kneeling and holding a book over one's head, an interesting medievalism for a school of science."

During a session on the repression of sex in our society, Goodman, speaking to Lutheran youth workers, made a swift but valid literary judgment: "The audience of Tennessee Williams is the Protestant audience—that is, the combination of lust and punishment." He then moved on to social criticism in a New York *Herald Tribune* book review of Dr. Spock's *Problems of Parents*: "There are no problems of parents as parents; the problems are of the grown-ups as people in the society they are responsible for, and in which children cannot reasonably grow up."

The most persistent theme in the book, as in nearly all of Goodman's recent writing, is his concern with the waste of the young. Discussing dropouts in a New York West Side weekly, he reflects what a number of the dropouts themselves keep saying—the schools in their neighborhoods are useless and damaging and they leave in self-defense. Yet, he recognizes, the dropouts "are imprudent, since they diminish their future chances of a decent living. But then the reasonable social policy would be not to try to keep them in school, unless the school is radically changed, but to provide them opportunity for a decent future in some other way. Our society at present can't and won't do this. And by and large, the concern for the dropouts is because they are a nuisance and a threat, who can't be socialized by the existing machinery."

Later, in the same neighborhood journal, he declared, "There is a case for uniform standards of achievement, but they cannot be reached by uniform techniques." Standardization, therefore, is not at all more efficient, nor is it necessarily less expensive. "Particular inventiveness," he has observed, "requires thought, but thought does not cost money. And the more authority to initiate (including the right to make mistakes) is delegated to many, the wiser and freer we shall all be."

Goodman's solution to the various problems he confronts are often debatable and are sometimes impossible of achievement without a prior social revolution that he does not know how to instigate. His highest and most stimulating function, therefore, is as a nay-sayer. What makes him so readable is that all his years in exacerbated opposition have not made him chronically self-righteous or humorless. His constant explosions in public—as in the prose that makes up this book—have obviously served as one form of catharsis. Whatever the ultimate effect of his ideas on the way the next generation lives, Goodman's insistent pamphleteering has at least helped sustain the impetus of one of the most thoroughly independent members of our society. »

The Last Aesthete?

SIDNEY ALEXANDER

The Bernard Berenson Treasury; selected and edited by Hanna Kiel. *Simon and Schuster. $6.95.*

"First I must keenly enjoy a picture, then I can write about it. This, I suppose, is not scientific. . . ." So wrote the twenty-five-year-old Berenson to his future wife back in 1891. And at ninety he makes a rueful entry in his diary: "None of my young contemporaries write as if they enjoyed a work of art. They attack it with questions, with problems, with psychoanalysis, with recondite learning, with didactical acumen, with metaphysical conundrum, with logic absolute. . . . For the 'youngs' one artifact is as good as another, because they are interested in events and not what works of art do to us, and one event is as much a cadaver as another, equally worthy of dissection and analysis. . . ."

Bernard Berenson's ghost is still stirring up the Tuscan countryside. One can still quarrel in his defense. The younger generation doesn't like him because he considered nonrepresentational art "neodecalcomania." The older generation is sick to death of "tactile values." And that is as it should be. Great men don't die easily: they are permanent disturbers of the peace. And now with Hanna Kiel's excellent selection of Berenson's writings, including sizable chunks from the unpublished correspondence and the achingly revealing diaries of the last years, we can understand why this tiny delicate man, an aesthete, was the force he was, and why his doctrines, his way of life, his values can still stir so many moderns to a frenzy of rejection.

I don't refer to his unique life story: the Back Bay Boston aristocrat that emerged from the chrysalis of a Lithuanian-Jewish immigrant boy. Such lepidopterous transformations are the daily miracle of America. That would refer to his personality, and what one gathers from these writings is the man's effort always to transcend his personality, his increasing desire to lose himself in the nonself. ". . . I have no objection to being known," he writes to Charles Du Bos in 1926. "On the contrary I have a good human desire for 'fame'! Only it must be unanecdotic, and as it were, abstract, and if it were not paradoxical to say so, impersonal."

We can respect him for that. And yet it is difficult to separate Berenson's life from his ideas; and indeed much as he disliked anecdotage about himself, his very notion of making one's own life a work of art, and his dedicated effort to live according to that notion—all this leads to an inextricable web of the personal and the impersonal. Surely the last decades at I Tatti, with its regular receptions, its daily parade of the learned and the royal and the curious, makes one think of, let us say, the court of Weimar, with Berenson playing the role of Goethe and the Grand Duke at once.

But now, of course, what remains

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are his writings: the cullings of a lifetime of passionate seeing, and this is what he must be judged by. What emerges is that with all his rigor, all his method, all his science of connoisseurship, Berenson was really an artist. If he couldn't paint himself, he could penetrate into the creations of others with a creative force as intense as the maker's. He refused to consider his ecstatic art experiences less important than their subsequent analysis. And this, of course, is what all the busy Byzantine measurers and tabulators simply cannot understand.

"'*Zum Schauen geboren*' – that should be put on my tombstone." "Born to see." In an earlier piece here on Berenson, I said he had a *metavisual* sense. Now that I read this feast of hitherto unpublished material, that statement is more than ever confirmed. Berenson had what may be called prehensile vision: his looking was a form of seizing, a literal apprehension, and the fundamental difference between him and most writers on art was this fixation on the art object first and last. All the rest—history, genesis, schools of style, currents of influence, biography of the artist—was commentary, extrinsic to the enjoyment of the work itself.

What is remarkable is to find this capacity for intense seeing carried right on to the last. In a sensitive introduction, John Walker, director of the National Gallery of Art in Washington, describes how the aged Berenson used to look at sunsets at Vallombrosa. "He would seem totally withdrawn, absorbed in the beauty of the moment, trying, I felt, to pierce those burning battlements. . . . it was characteristic of him that he could apprehend the fugitive nature of existence better with his eyes than with his reason. He would stay on and on until the damp shadows of evening made one fear for his health. . . ."

So much did he identify himself with what he was looking at that one suspects that behind this apotheosis of seeing was a conviction (like Leonardo da Vinci's) that the sheerest sense perception can be the deepest intuition. Actually Berenson combines two modes of perceiving rarely found to such a degree in the same person: a historical vision ranging from paleolithic times to the French Impressionists, and a capacity to gaze at a work of art as if it had no history at all.

The confusion in his aesthetics, I believe, results from the increasing desperation of his efforts to keep these two realms of appreciation hermetically separated. He could appreciate art for its intrinsic formal qualities and for its extrinsic suggestive qualities. One related to sheer sense enjoyment, the other to knowledge. Sometimes he wasn't altogether sure of his own bifocal vision, repudiating irritatedly anything "outside"—even the fruits of his own scholarship—as not contributing in any way toward artistic value. But obviously, complete aesthetic appreciation involves both sense and sensibility, and Berenson surely had too much sense not to know that the total meaning or even enjoyment of a painting is not bounded by its frame. If it were, Berenson would have been inevitably led to the very neodecalcomania he detested.

Over the years this contradiction becomes more and more manifest. "Real art never has nor should represent, but present," he writes in his essay on Piero della Francesca. "Art is based on actuality, but exists independently, without looking to the springboard from which it launches itself into the ocean of Itness. Real art is It, and with the Jehovah of the Old Testament should answer, as He when asked Who He was, 'I am that I am.'" But in his *Notes* of the same year (1950) we find: ". . . nonrepresentational art is a contradiction in terms, because except for architecture, and even not that entirely, the term visual art means representational."

Berenson, as he himself realized, was not a system builder. His genius was epigrammatic; he worked in flashes and not in constructions. And certainly one could not expect him to play the game of fashionable avant-gardism that, for example, the venerable Lionello Venturi engaged in. Berenson was too honest with himself for that; if he couldn't stand contemporary art, he wasn't going to convince himself that he should. One can well understand how a mind like his, stocked with vivid images of centuries of the world's art, and particularly Italian art from 1300 to 1600, must have reacted to a Venice Biennale.

Actually, the entire abstract and nonobjective movement in modern art is a grotesque overdevelopment of one limb of Berenson's aesthetics—his stress on "intrinsic" values, the value of the work of art as contained entirely within itself. The moment you eliminate subject, the painting (or sculpture) becomes its own subject; that is, it becomes an object, that is, it becomes a *thing*. Now, things that stand for nothing but themselves can only preen the stuff of which they are made. Hence modern arts are obsessed with "thingness"; hence all sorts of materials are inserted into the "painting"; hence the scratching and gouging and diddling of surfaces and hurling of paint and making "sculptures" of junk.

What else is there to do? Philosophically these objects, these things, are not abstractions of anything, internal or external. They communicate nothing but self-consciousness of their own substance.

The joke is that only figurative art is abstract, because only figurative art is nothing in itself and everything in terms of its symbolic, that is, "standing for," "indicative" function. Now when a painting "stands for" something, say a nude that summons up what Berenson called "ideated sensations" of real nudes, then that painting is not so much an object as a field of force. But when a painting "stands" only for itself, then it has no symbolic force at all; it is like a spent battery: a mass of rubber and water, a thing, a chunk, paint on canvas. And that is precisely what most contemporary nonfigurative art is.

These are not Bernard Berenson's times. Reading these pages is like walking through fallen autumn leaves, a sense of wandering in a beautiful but dead world. Of Berenson's values, everything he stood for—humanism, reason, order, aristocratic Epicureanism, philosophical skepticism—none seem possible today. The intense aesthetic flame that warmed the hearth of his House of Life appears to be dead.

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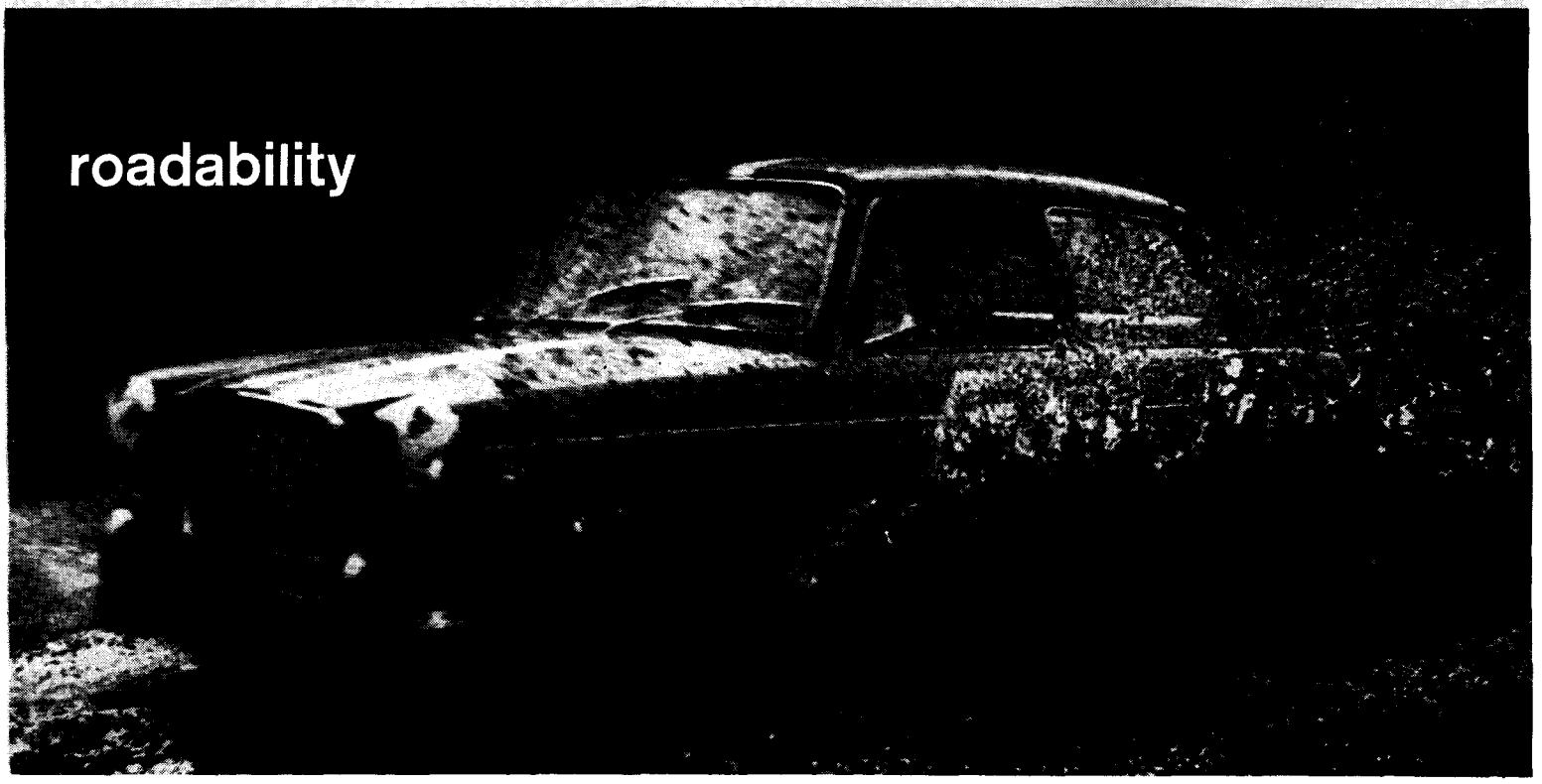

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